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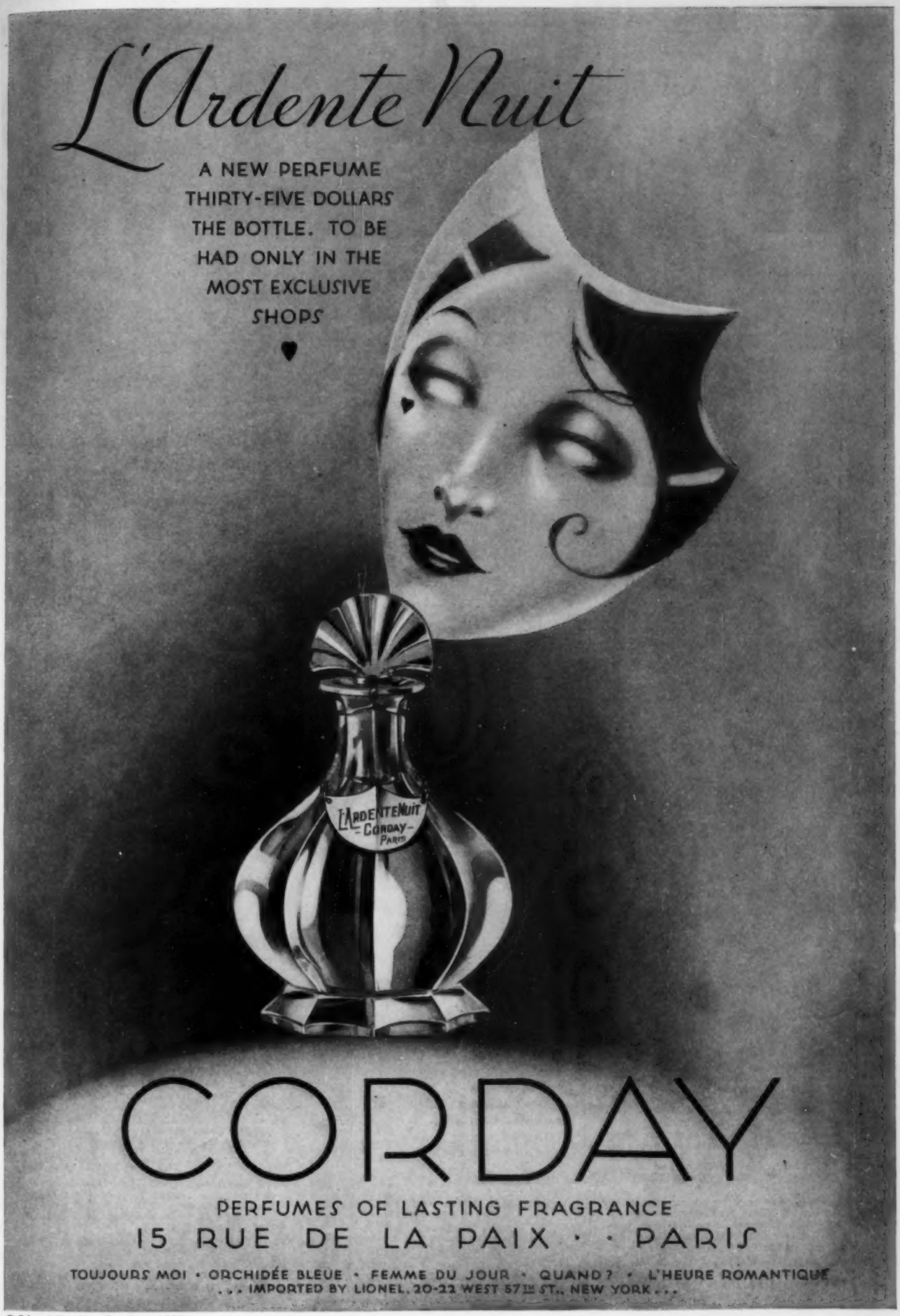
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GOINGS ON

ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." Midweek matinées will be given on the days listed below. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE—What would you do if you were a mother and came home, after a twenty-year binge, to find your children about to do the same thing that you did? Jane Cowl does it. Performances Sat. through Tues., Dec. 20-23. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Alison's House," a new and interesting play by Susan Glaspell. (Fri., Tues., and Thurs. Eves., Dec. 19, 23, and 25.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. and Fri. Mats., Dec. 20 and 26.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Sat. and Mon. Eves., Dec. 20 and 22; Sat. Mat., Dec. 27.) . . . "The Cradle Song," Sierra's play. (Wed. Eve., Dec. 24.) . . . "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 26.) . . . "Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, and worth seeing. (Sat. Eve., Dec. 27.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN—The Theatre Guild's colorful production of Maxwell Anderson's historical drama, involving, as you may suspect, the Earl of Essex. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt do nobly by the two rôles. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

FIRST NIGHT—One of those plays in which the audience is full of actors and people get shot from nowhere. Not bad of its kind, even though you all are supposed to be in Sing Sing. (Eltinge, 42, W. Mat. Christmas.)

GRAND HOTEL—Thirty-six hours in the very full lives of eight or ten hotel guests, making one of the most interesting evenings in town. An excellent cast includes Eugénie Leontovich, Henry Hull, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M. Daily Mats. Wed. through Sat., Dec. 24-27.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Zoë Akins' amusing dialogue set in a play about three young ladies who'd rather not work and yet like eating and drinking. (Harris, 42, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly's Pulitzer-Prize-winner. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

LYSISTRATA—An adaptation by Gilbert Seldes of the frankly bawdy comedy of Aristophanes, in a beautiful production by Norman Bel Geddes. The cast includes Ernest Truex, Blanche Yurka, and Fay Bainter. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

THE MAN IN POSSESSION—Isabel Jeans and Leslie Banks in an amusing, if highly unimportant, farce about a sheriff's man who is stationed amid such pleasant surroundings that he stays there. (Booth, 45, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—How it feels to be very old and yet look very young. Edith Barrett is the unfortunate old-young lady, with Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright to trail along with her. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:40 P.M.)

OH, PROMISE ME!—The majesty of the law given a rowdy panning in an exposure of how to get your breach-of-promise money. The cast includes Lee Tracy, Mary Philips, and Donald Meek. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

ON THE SPOT—It may be satire on our gunmen or it may be one of Edgar Wallace's most serious melodramas but, whatever it is, it is entertaining. With Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong. (Forrest, 49, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Hollywood put on the pan in the most delicious cooking of the season. Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon, and Mr. G. S. Kaufman are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19. THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27]

OVERTURE—Three successive governments of a small town in Germany shown in rapid and, at times, thrilling disruption, in a posthumous play by William Bolitho. Colin Clive as the patrician officer who has gone communist. (Longacre, 48, W. Mat. Wed.)

ROAR CHINA!—Showing the Chinese (real) being ground down by perfidious white traders. The settings will keep you interested long after the propaganda has begun to pall. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26, 2:50 P.M. Closes Sat., Dec. 27.)

SHAKESPEAREAN REPERTOIRE—Fritz Leiber and his company from Chicago—"King Lear," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 25 and 27; "Hamlet," Fri. Eve., Dec. 26; "The Merchant of Venice," Sat. Mat., Dec. 27. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. Now in the last two weeks of its very long run. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Mr. Frank Craven in an amusing comedy of his own making dealing with a house guest who overstayed his time, and what thanks did he get? (Golden, 58, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

THIS IS NEW YORK—Robert Sherwood's almost fair-minded statement of two sides to the question of what New York is like. Even if you have made up your mind already the first two acts are worth seeing. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER—It being pretty generally recognized that an opera singer must have an affair in order to sing her best, the main feature of Mr. Belasco's show is Helen Gahagan's singing, presumably after treatment. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26, 2:40 P.M.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Jane Cowl making good entertainment out of Shakespeare's comedy. Performances Wed. through Sat., Dec. 24-27. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Life in Greenwich Village, where your friends know where the gin is kept. Some very amusing lines in the old setting of newly-married life. Reopens Mon., Dec. 22. (Masque, 45, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

THE VINEGAR TREE—Mary Boland as the slightly confused lady of middle-age who can't quite remember who used to be her lover but knows she would like it again. Very funny. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN TOYLAND—Revival of the Victor Herbert operetta, opening Mon., Dec. 22. (Imperial, 45, W. Mats. Christmas and Fri., Dec. 26.)

BROWN BUDDIES—One of the better Negro revues and one of the best when Bill Robinson is dancing. (Liberty, 42, W. Mat. Christmas.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Displaying, among other things, Mr. Carroll's genius for collecting good comics (Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly) as well as his penchant for collecting dirt. A costly show, with beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

FINE AND DANDY—So Joe Cook is in it—. (Erlanger, 44, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr throwing the audience into nightly convulsions, with Oscar Shaw to help the ladies sing the DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson score. (Apollo, 42, W. Mat. Christmas.)

GIRL CRAZY—Musical comedy that *is* musical comedy, with a Gershwin score, Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, and Ethel Merman. (Alvin, 52, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

THE NEW YORKERS—A highly-paid group of specialists in entertainment, including Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, Frances Williams, Charles King, Hope Williams, Richard Carle, Marie Cahill, and Ann Pennington, with Cole Porter's score and Peter Arno touches. You ought to find plenty here. (Broadway, B'way at 53. Mat. Christmas.)

NINA ROSA—A large, well-sung, well-developed musical comedy about Peru, with everything in excellent working order. Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, and Armida, with a Romberg score. Reopens Mon., Dec. 22. (Majestic, 44, W. Mats. Christmas and Fri., Dec. 26.)

SMILES—We are told that this is a better show than when it opened. It would have to be. Nevertheless, it has the Astaires and Marilyn Miller, so you might like it anyway. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Christmas.)

SWEET AND LOW—Raw in spots and funny in others. On the whole no worse than many and worth a chance if you are in the mood for ribaldry. With Fannie Brice, James Barton, and George Jessel. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26.)

THREE'S A CROWD—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman in what we mean by a revue. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Christmas.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—The remarkable one-woman repertory company returns to town for four weeks. First performances: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 26 and 27, at 8:50; and Sat. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2:30. (Comedy, 41, E.)

VAUDEVILLE—Ruth Etting, Helen Kane, and Ken Murray will be at the Palace Fri., Dec. 19. Rosita and Ramon, Nan Halperin, and Tom Patricola will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Dec. 20. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20

(Continued on page 8)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27]

(Continued from page 6)

and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

BALLYHOO—W. C. Fields in a new musical show. Opens Mon., Dec. 22. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Christmas.)

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL—Jed Harris' production of a new version of Gogol's farce by John Anderson, with Dorothy Gish and Claude Cooper. Opens Tues., Dec. 23. (Hudson, 44, E. 8:40 P.M.)

ELEKTRA—Mme. Marika Cotopouli and her company present Sophocles' play, in Greek. Opens Fri., Dec. 26. (New Yorker, 54, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE—Helen Hayes in a comedy by Neil Grant. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

FOR CHILDREN

CHARLOTTE LUND OPERA COMPANY—"The Golden Cock." Fri. Morn., Dec. 26, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYERS—A company of adult professional actors under the direction of Adrienne Morrison, in "The Princess Who Wouldn't Say Die." Fri. Aft., Dec. 19, at 4; Fri. Morn. and Aft., Dec. 26, at 11 and 3. (Princess, 39, E.)

HECKSCHER THEATRE—The Juvenile Players in "Mr. Scrooge." Sat. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2:30. Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

THE PUPPET PLAYERS—"Rumpelstiltskin" and "Variety." Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 26 and 27, at 3. (Union Puppet Theatre, 233 W. 48.)

SUE HASTINGS' MARIONETTES—"Winnie-the-Pooh," Fri. Aft., Dec. 26, at 3; "Hansel and Gretel," Sat. Morn., Dec. 27, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

DANCE RECITALS

LA ARGENTINA—Two more recitals by the inimitable lady from Spain. Sat. Eves., Dec. 20 and 27, at 8:30. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

CAROLA GOYA—In a program of traditional and modern Spanish dances. Fri. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 19 and 20, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Dec. 20, at 2:45. (Comedy, 41, E.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—After-theatre dancing to music by Leo Reisman. Songs by Ethel Merman.*

CLUB DELMONICO, Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59 (Volunteer 5-2500)—A small, attractive room for supper dancing; featuring Morton Downey, Jack Pettis' orchestra, and dances by Barbara Bennett and Charles Sabin. Must dress.

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-4863)—Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dancing by Rosita and Ramon.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 5-2840)—Dances by Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana, and songs by Libby Holman. What more could you want? Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 7-6673)—Always a favorite. Music by Dick Gasparre and his orchestra; dances by Graham and Bernhardt. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—High-hat Broadway. Ted Lewis, Lina Basquette, and Hannah Williams provide the entertainment.*

GRILL NEPTUNE, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—With the same charm as the old Pierre's. Dances by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Joseph Urban decorations and Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 5-0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and not for débutantes. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, also open late, with Mme. Florence and her gang. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, no curfew, with Texas Guinan presiding. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Joe Lewis. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a big, noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), has an uptown clientele, and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly. . . . With Spanish trimmings: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Two of the better-known places are: Club Sadko, 100 W. 57; and The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . There is supper dancing every Saturday in the Persian Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46. Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BLUE ANGEL—Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich in the tragedy of a middle-aged German schoolmaster. Very much worth your while in spite of the incomprehensible lines. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—A tedious story, but by far the best picture of aviation in the war. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE OFFICE WIFE—The idyll of the businessman and his secretary, with Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 23 and 24; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—George Arliss' splendid portrait of an octogenarian. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 25 and 26; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—The successful Viennese operetta (in German) with very tuneful music. (55th Street, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Big House," the best of the prison pictures; "Feet First," the usual Harold Lloyd performance, but still pretty funny; "Laughter," Nancy Carroll in a story of the hardships of the rich; "Min and Bill," Marie Dressler in a good, sturdy waterfront drama; "Morocco," Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich in an exciting drama of the Foreign Legion; "Outward Bound," Sutton Vane's play done over for the screen—and well done too; "Tol'able David," the old picture revised for the talkies, definitely worth seeing.

ART

AMERICANS—A good show of contemporary painters and sculptors, some old standbys and some not so well known: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

ARNO—Original drawings by Peter Arno: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BRITISH—The best that the tight little isle affords, with a bow to the past: Agnew, 125 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CARICATURES—Original drawings and caricatures, chiefly of theatrical personages, by William Auerbach-Levy: Harlow, McDonald, 667 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GIFTS—Some of the best young artists sell their smaller things at bargain prices: 771 Madison, at 66. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GUELPH TREASURE—Reliquaries handed down from a German royal house. When goldsmiths were great artists: Goldschmidt and Reinhardt Galleries, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 20 only.

HARTLEY—An American who hits and misses, but is usually good: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 5 P.M.

HUGO—Victor Hugo's great-grandson, showing a fine sensitive mind. Excellent color: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

METAL AND COTTON—A travelling exhibition of decorative metalwork and cotton textiles stops until Dec. 28 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art: Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

THE ENGLISH SINGERS—The perfect Christmas program: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 20.

VICTOR CHENKIN—Folk songs and others in costume by an unusual artist: Guild Theatre, Sun. Eve., Dec. 21.

NASTIA POLIAKOVA—Gipsy songs by an authority: 46th Street Theatre, Sun. Eve., Dec. 21.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Chamber music by a surprise budget of celebrities: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 22.

NOTE—Children's Concert, by the Old World Trio: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Sat. Morn., Dec. 20, at 11.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 19.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE CAROL CHOIR—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 19.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 21; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 25, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 26, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:45.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." Bodanzky conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Dec. 21, at 4.

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Mme. Dessoff conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 21.

ORATORIO SOCIETY—"The Messiah." Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 26.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Le Preziose Ridicole" and "The Fair at Sorochintzy," Fri. Eve., Dec. 19, at 8; "Siegfried," Sat. Aft., Dec. 20, at 2; "La Gioconda," Sat. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 21, at 8:30. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"Orpheus in Hades," by Offenbach: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. Fri. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 19 and 20, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Dec. 20, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Dec. 20 and 27, at 9, over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Dec. 21, at 3, over WABC.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Contralto soloist: Sun. Eve., Dec. 21, at 8, over WJZ.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—His first broadcast: Sun. Eve., Dec. 21, at 10:30, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Dec. 23, at 9:30, over WABC.

DETROIT SYMPHONY—Kolar conducting: Wed. Eve., Dec. 24, at 10, over WABC.

THE ENGLISH SINGERS—Christmas Eve program, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Dec. 24, at 10:30, over WEAF.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Thurs. Aft., Dec. 25, at 4, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Max Baer vs. Bernie Schaff, Fri. Eve., Dec. 19; Midget Wolgast vs. Frankie Genaro, Fri. Eve., Dec. 26; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

AMATEUR HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden: Kent vs. Morristown, Sat. Morn., Dec. 20, at 11; St. Paul's vs. Princeton Freshmen, Sat. Aft., Dec. 20, at 3; Yale vs. Dartmouth, Sat. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:30; Harvard vs. Toronto University, Sat. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:30.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Dec. 21; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Tues. Eve., Dec. 23; Americans vs. Montreal, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 25.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94: Squadron A vs. Governors Island, Sat. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:30. . . . At Squadron C Armory, Nostrand Ave. at Dean St., Brooklyn; Squadron C vs. Fort Hamilton, Sat. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:30; Riding Club vs. Fort Hamilton, Sat. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB SHOW—"The Tiger Smiles:" Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 23, at 2:15 and 8:15.

CIRCUS—Davenport's European Circus, with the Riding Davenports, clowns, acrobats, etc.: Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59, starting Mon., Dec. 22; performances daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.

LECTURE—Judge Ben Lindsey on "Free Love vs. Companionate Marriage:" Mecca Temple, 130 W. 55, Sat. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Sculpture, furniture, ironwork, weathervanes, and objects of art collected by Karl Freund: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 19 and 20, at 2:15.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH the government substituting a rotten-egg flavor for poison in its alcohol, and with the other banks rushing to the aid of Bank of United States depositors by loaning them money at five per cent, the holiday season took on something of the old-time Charles Dickens quality of kindliness. Peace on earth, goodwill toward men, became a reality. The man we have envied most these past weeks has been Shipwreck Kelly,

on his lonely pole. His contemplation from that aloof height must have retained the integrity of bitterness, the constancy of contempt, looking down on the Broadway crowds paying their nickels to squint at him through the battered spyglasses of the concessionaires.

ONE year of our life we spent in Seattle, a trans-Cascadian hamlet noted for the beauty of its seven hills. We mostly remember our exile for one thing: the absence of seasons. In that soft land we missed the stern tread of the Eastern calendar—the snows of winter, the burst of spring, the buzz of summer, the cider-wet lips of fall. In Seattle there were roses at Christmas, and how we hated roses at Christmas. We were reminded of this the other morning riding downtown in the subway, when our gaze fell on a lady carrying pussywillows. The December pussywillow is a trick of unprincipled florists. Pussywillows at this season are unspeakable. Why, in this Yule-log month, must we be flung into a February thaw, slush underfoot, and the smell of wind over melting snow? The march of the seasons is our beloved possession, and we are violently antipathetic toward anything that throws the year off its stride. Let greeting-card men suffer from Jack o' Lanterns on May Day and from holly on the Fourth—it ought not be our cross to bear.

FALLING in love with a girl in a book, as Dr. Henry van Dyke pointed out, is the safest way of falling in love. "There are no complications" was the way the Doctor put it. While we don't share the Doctor's admiration for this American habit of mind, we are not unaware of the deep and penetrating philosophy of his remark. Americans are always, we admit, in quest of the fictive fay, in love with the "girl in the book." Annually they turn to the department-store Santa

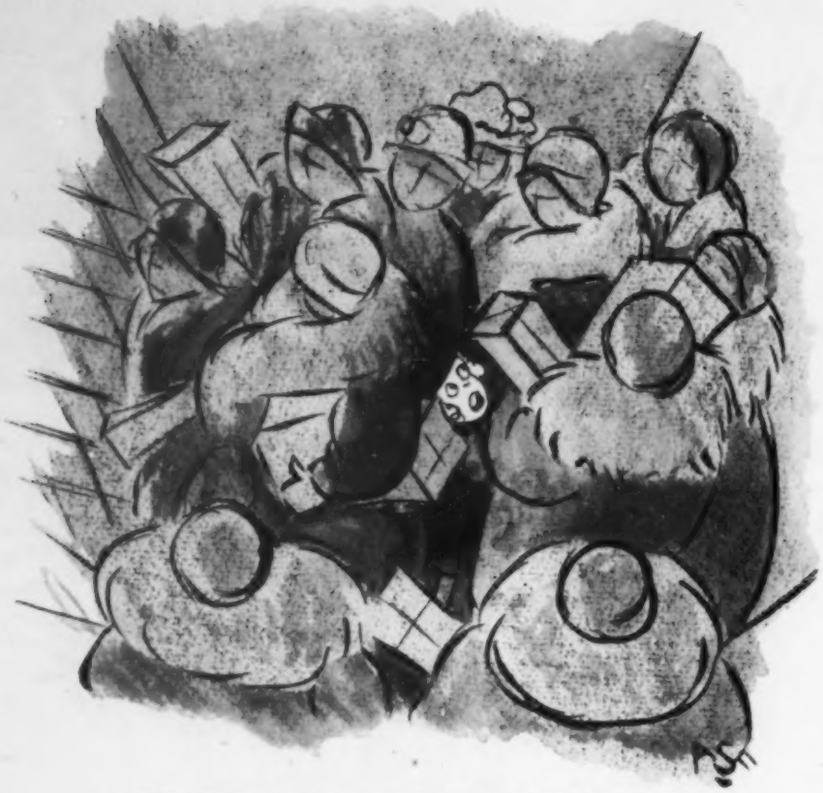
Claus. Once they fell in love with a war to end war. Not long ago they fell in love with Wall Street, till the street turned out to be something of a wench. They are devoted to the standard heroine of romance, courtesy of De Mille. Every prospect pleases, whether the New Humanism or Coué or Marshall P. Wilder or Edgar Guest or Carrie Nation. Their most typical cities are Chicago and Los Angeles, each aware of its own glamour. Uncle Sam is really Peter Pan with a beard. The catch is—and this is the difficult situation the country has to face and the situation Dr. van Dyke failed to point out—the catch is that the girl in the book is never content to *stay* in the book. That's where the American habit of mind breaks down. The girl comes out, Peter marries her, and then acts surprised and alarmed when the complications set in—even if the complications are nothing more than a couple of quarts of milk a day from the Walker-Gordon people.

WE hear it rumored around that Western Union has a plan by which to get back at Postal Telegraph

for having taken over the theatre-ticket business. Western Union is going to sell express money orders—sometimes as much trouble to get as tickets on the aisle for "Grand Hotel." The American Express Company is in on the deal, we understand, and it will mean that a person can buy a money order without visiting a United States post office. A boon, a boon. Probably the next thing the telegraph companies will take over is cigar stores. Or possibly banks.

WHILE thirty students of a mission school in Bombay were dying from having eaten soup into which a poisonous lizard had fallen, fifty schoolchildren of New Brunswick, New Jersey, were giving a party to a horse

which had produced in nine years enough antitoxin serum to protect



"This isn't as bad as at Macy's, is it, Mamma?"

•

thirty thousand children from diphtheria. We read these items at the breakfast table, and subsequently spent some little time trying to resolve them into their components, hoping that a small moral or a few grains of irony would be deposited on the test-tube of our thought. The task was too great for us, our equipment too meagre. We found ourself spellbound by the items, rather than genuinely interested in them. We ended by clipping them out and sending them to Arthur Brisbane. He'll know how to handle them.

Brass Tacks

SOMEBODY with sharp ears has reported to us a business conference held recently by two Garment Centre men, both in garments in a big way. One was selling the other a large bill of goods of some kind. After a good deal of bickering, loud, vehement, and sometimes tearful, the one said:

"Well, I leave it to you, Sam—you pay whatever you think is fair."

"Oh, for God's sake let's talk business," replied the other gentleman.

Dutchy

MARLENE DIETRICH came to New York last April from Germany. No fuss was made over her. She sailed back on a recent midnight and hundreds were at the pier, asking for autographs and blowing kisses. Just prior to departing she had become the most talked-of young lady in the movies. By this time she has become the toast of countless cities and towns.

A year ago Miss Dietrich appeared in a German picture at the Fifty-fifth Street Cinema. It ran for several weeks but attracted no special attention. For some years before, in Germany, she had played in movies, in musical shows, and even in Shakespeare and Shaw under the direction of Reinhardt. She was popular there but it took Hollywood to glorify her. Josef von Sternberg was the first of the people from Hollywood to see her. He went into a Berlin theatre just in time to hear her speak the line, in English: "Three cheers for the gentleman who has won the grand prize." He immediately became excited and signed her up to play in "The Blue Angel" with Jannings, which he had gone to Germany to direct. This is one of the two pictures which brought her twice to Broadway almost simultaneously. The other picture, the American-made "Morocco," also directed by von Sternberg, at whose instance she was brought over here, gave her the better chance, however.

Miss Dietrich will be back in February. She hurried home to get there in time for her small daughter's birthday, postponing several projects in Hollywood which were colossal. She spent only one day here before sailing, mostly in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Stroock of the Brooks Costume Company, who are old friends and with whom she came over from Germany last spring. She bought shoes for herself, dolls for her daughter, and cigarettes for her husband, a Berlin gentleman named Siebert. She also had some strawberries; she likes strawberries.

The German actress first studied to be a violinist but an injury to her wrist kept her idle for six months and she drifted into the theatre. She still keeps up with her music, however. She had twelve pieces of baggage when she arrived here in April; two were violin cases, another contained a saw, which she plays with a bow, and another a portable phonograph. She lived quietly in Hollywood with a cook and a maid, a small woolly dog, and a Rolls-Royce. On her one free evening here she dropped into two or three shows. She likes to flit about. She speaks English charmingly, having studied it long ago. Mr. Stroock says she has a sense of humor as good as Mayor Walker's. Germans boast of her intelligence and declare that she has the prettiest legs on the Continent. Her nickname is Dutchy, but you've got to know her pretty well.

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TO give you an idea of how fast times move: An apple vendor in Fifth Avenue was overheard enlightening an elderly couple, apparently new to these parts, on the Empire State tower. "That, folks," he explained, "is Al Smith's building—sort of an old landmark here."

Hero

A WEEK or two ago Patrolman Dominick Griffo arrested a gang of robbers after a long and apparently confusing fight with them in a restaurant. He did it all by himself, and last week the resourceful newsreel people showed him telling about it. Several persons spoke to us about this, saying it was our duty to preserve such remarks for posterity, so we sent our stenographer around to the theatre to take down what the officer said. Patrolman Griffo:

"At one-fifteen A.M. I was going

on my way home and there was no trolley car in sight and so I decided I would stop down at this club. There was no one at this club and very shortly as I was finishing my coffee and sandwiches the doorbell rang and the owner opened the door and let them in. These four fellows came in. I didn't like this tall fellow Castiglia. So they all sat down and this small fellow Morano went over and looked into the tirlet and seeing there was nobody there he toined around and said 'Stick 'em up.' I sat there very calm and cool. They pushed us all into a corner and this guy Castiglia who had the real revolver said 'Stick 'em up high and get over there' and pushed me into the corner. I pushed everything to the back, my belt and my revolver, so I put my hand in my pocket and I passed my shield from my pocket to the back pocket and cocked my revolver. After they had soiched the two women and were about to soich the fellow standing next to me I saw this was my only chance so I grabbed this fellow Morano and held him close to me as a shield so Castiglia would shoot him. I tripped and fell down with him as Castiglia fired four shots. Three missed me over my head and one striking Morano in the ab*d*omen. I began to shoot off my revolver and after I had fired six shots we began scuffling for my gun because Morano wanted to get my gun and wanted to shoot me with my own gun but I finally got it and cracked Morano on the skull. Then I began battling with the other three and cracked their skulls one by one and knocked them all out, for which Commissioner Mulrooney retoined me with a gold shield as my reward and promoted me to a detective. Goodbye all. I'll see youse later."

Pride of a Virtuoso

EARLY in his winter's concert tour, Jascha Heifetz gave a recital in the small town of Northfield, Minnesota, near St. Paul. Next day the St. Paul *Daily News* gave an account of his appearance, in the course of which Debussy's "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin" was mistakenly stated to be the violinist's own composition. It happened that in another story the *Daily News* had also mentioned, by way of color, that the violinist had met the local ping-pong champion in a match and had been defeated in three straight sets. Next day the editors discovered their musical error and were feeling pretty foolish about it, when it was announced that Mr. Heifetz was calling on the telephone. They got up their nerve and answered. To their astonishment, it wasn't about the Debussy matter that he complained. What he wanted to say was that the ping-pong score hadn't been three-nothing against him, but three-one.

Beaver

THIS is the true story about Sir Hubert Wilkins' beard, and although he has had it quite a time now, it seems interesting enough to record. When the explorer returned from the Arctic some years ago, he immediately shaved off the beard he had grown in the wastelands. He had no intention of wearing one in civilization. He visited, thus shorn, the home of a friend in London and was presented to the eight-year-old daughter of the house. She was not only unimpressed but hurt, for

"Fancy that! So you were a judge, too!"

"Pure, eh? I tell you she was glorified in nineteen-twenty."

she had been regaled with descriptions of Sir Hubert's beard, and here he had none. She poured out her tearful disappointment to the surprised explorer and he promised her that next time he would live up to her dreams. So, when he returned from his next long sojourn in the Arctic, he kept his beard, and paid another visit to his friend's home. This time he was the little girl's honor guest at a tea party attended by practically all the little boys and girls from the neighborhood. Everybody was terribly impressed. The little hostess was terribly happy. Wilkins' elder friends began to get used to his beard, and he decided to keep it.

Cheap

A LADY who was as nearsighted as she was uninformed paused in astonishment at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street. The garment strikers—that unhappy little group that have been picketing in front of Bergdorf Goodman's ever since the warm weather—were sauntering wearily up and down, wearing, as usual, their banners of protest, which bear the name "Bergdorf Goodman" in large letters. "Dear me," said the lady to her companion, "things have come to a pretty pass: Bergdorf Goodman resorting to sandwich men!"

Mr. Who

BAYARD VEILLER wanted to see "Roar China!" and, having difficulty getting seats, decided to telephone Theresa Helburn, in the hope that she might have an extra pair. He called up the Guild and asked for Miss Helburn.

"Miss Who?" quoth the Guild operator.

"Helburn; Theresa Helburn."

"Miss Helburn?"

"Yes. Miss Helburn."

"What department does she work in?"

"She doesn't work in any department. She *is* the Theatre Guild."

"Wait a minute."

He waited. Pretty soon:

"This is the play department."

"I'd like to speak to Miss Helburn, please."

"What do you want to speak to her about?"

"Never mind. Tell her Mr. Veiller would like to speak to her."

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. Veiller."

"Spell it."

"V-e-i-double-l-e-r."

"B-e-i-w—"

"No! Veiller. Bayard Veiller."

"Duryea?"

"Oh, God! Ask her if she'll speak to the man who wrote 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.'"

"Wait a minute."

Pause, with murmurings. Then:

"We're very sorry, but we have all the plays we need."

Phone Names

LOTS of people must get the phone books out at night and spend hours with them curled up before a fire, because our recent item on the

Hugs and Kisses brought additional reports from several sources. Ernest Kiss and A. Caress, both of Long Island, have been unearthed, and also the Embrace Tea Room, an inviting little nook (presumably) in Jamaica Avenue.

Practically all the Presidents are in one book or another, but Grant and McKinley seem most interesting. Mr. U. S. Grant lives in the Nineties, within easy walking distance of the Tomb, and the other is listed this way: "McKinley, Wm pres. 320 Broadway." The following motley assortment are in the Manhattan directory: Sam Hammerman, carpenter; Mr. Bellows, auctioneer; Mr. Mars, dealer in military supplies; Miss Barbara B. Ware; and (timely name indeed) Job Hunt. A Mme. I. Glass is listed, of course, as Mme Glass I. The Beer brothers sell dry goods in East Broadway. If you have a lion that needs to be bound or trimmed, there is the Lion Binding & Trimming Company, and if you want to send someone a lion for Christmas, the Lion Packing Company. There must be hundreds of others. We'll probably be hearing about them.

Spare

IN our gay little span of years, we have crept mouselike, or barged mouselike, into many amazing homes of rich people, but we have yet to visit as a guest what must from all reports be the most completely equipped private dwelling in America: Sidney Borg's little place in Irvington. His daughter tells this on him, so we presume it is all right. It shows how smoothly the Borg household works: it shows what real "class" is. The other evening Mr. Borg, in a clumsy moment, bumped against an enormous goldfish bowl and sent it to the floor in a great burst of glass, fish, and spray. Guests, horrified, rushed up and began picking up the more obvious fish; and a multitude of servants appeared with rags and mops to do the real work of cleaning up the mess. Mrs. Borg, cool as a water lily, addressed the head butler. "Henri, the fish bowl has been broken."

"Yes, Madam," said Henri, and disappeared through the door.

To the great astonishment of everyone he reappeared three minutes later with an assistant, the two of them carrying another enormous goldfish bowl exactly like the first, and proceeded to set it deftly in place.

This surprised even Mr. Borg. He knew he had a pretty nifty little establishment, but he hadn't realized it was *that* good.

Trick Animals

JUST a word about Messrs. Messmore and Damon, who make mechanical animals. You may have seen some of their work at various shows (they made the interfering cow in that skit about the milkmaid in the "Earl Carroll Vanities") and you've surely seen a good many of their creations in department stores during this season. They've been in the business for over twenty years—ever since they met in New York at the time of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration in 1909. There was something very lucky about that meeting. Mr. Messmore had got his start as a stagehand, later having a good deal to do with backstage mechanics at the Metropolitan. Mr. Damon had begun as a butcher, after which he went to art school, finally coming to New York as one of the staff in charge of the Hudson-Fulton pageants. Between them, they decided they knew enough about anatomy, machinery, and stage effects to go into the mechanical-animal business for themselves.

Most of their work now is done for department stores, to be used in window displays. Mr. Messmore is still in charge of the mechanical effects, and Mr. Damon has to do with anatomy, though they now have a considerable corps of designers and mechanics to help them. They do animals to order, modelling them in clay first, then casting them in plaster, and finally building up to the finished figure with layer on layer of heavy paper. They also have a large collection of animals already in stock, at their factory at 404 West Twenty-seventh Street, which they rent out—monkeys playing poker, lions that roar, claw, roll their eyes, that sort of thing. These are often sent out on extended tours of the country, travelling like road shows, specially boxed and shipped, accompanied by expert mechanics to operate them, playing one week in one city and then moving on to the next. Some of them are pretty complicated, too, and pretty expensive. There are, for instance, a mammoth and a dinosaur, both of which draw big crowds wherever they go. Both were built after museum reconstructions. The mammoth was a year in the making, and cost thirty-seven thousand dollars. His skin was made of the hides of over four hundred Mongolian goats, and he has sixteen electric motors inside him, to make him breathe, wiggle his ears, move his trunk, and toss his head. It took fourteen months to make the dinosaur. With a trained man at the switch, the dinosaur will leer at you, nuzzle your shoulder, and take a handkerchief from your hand, all very lifelike. It costs a department store sixty-five hundred dollars to exhibit them for two weeks, including a model caveman, to give atmosphere.

Just now the firm is paying a good deal of attention to the Tom Thumb golf courses, working out trick devices. One of their creations is a figure dressed in convict's clothes. You shoot through his legs, and the green is a miniature prison.

Show Business

A YOUNG lady who is making her way in the theatre called the other day at the offices of one of the prominent producers, who is casting a play. Several other hopeful young ingénues were also there, but when the producer took a look into his outer office he gave them not a glance, but settled his gaze upon the young lady and called her to an inner room. "You're just what we want," he told her. "We've been looking all over for someone of the Miriam Hopkins type, and you're it." The young lady removed her hat to show her blond, curly locks and the manager grew more enthusiastic. "I'll call the author in," he said. The girl was happy. The playwright entered. "Here she is, Sam," said the producer. "We've got her." The author frowned and shook his head. "Nope," he said. "I'm sorry, but she won't do. We've got to get someone on the Miriam Hopkins type."

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Why Henry Whipple, I thought you were still in medical college!"

THE MEMOIRS OF SANTA CLAUS

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. JOSEPH BLORY, WHO, THE INTERVIEWER THOUGHT, WANTED SOME MONEY, BUT WHO REALLY WANTED ONLY TO TALK

YOU look so much like Mr. Powning, I declare I thought you was him. That's why I said, "Hello, there," like that. He's a gentleman looks a great deal like you. . . .

That tree looks very fine, don't it? . . .

I come down here every Christmas just to see it. They have it every year. They tell me Wanamaker's store puts it up. That flagpole over there—that's called the Eternal Light—that was put up by Wanamaker's store too. That's there the whole year round, rain or shine. It's a tribute to the soldiers. That light up on top ain't ever allowed to go out. That was the idea of it—the Eternal Light. Always burning away. Yes, indeed. You live in New York? . . .

I guess you was just out taking a little walk then, huh? . . .

Well, that ain't very much of a walk for a young man like you are. I walked all the way over from Eleventh Avenue. I got through my work a while ago and thought I'd walk over and see the tree. I hadn't seen it this year, yet, so I thought I'd come over and have a look. . . .

It's just about the way they had it last year. Biggest Christmas tree in the city, I guess. A couple of years ago they had one up on Times Square. Do they have that one every year, too? . . .

The one I saw wasn't as big as the ones they have down here, though. There must be five or six hundred lights there. Four hundred, anyway. It makes quite an effect, don't it? . . .

YOU'D think they'd bring kids down to see it. Them shoeshine kids don't pay much attention to it. They're here all day long. I guess they get used to it. It ain't a spectacle to them. I tried to get my daughter to let me bring her boy down to see it, but she said he'd seen it from the street car. I said that wasn't anything. I said he ought to be took right up to it, where he could see it close and study it. I told her I'd take him to see it. No, she didn't think he wanted to see it close. She said I could see it for the family. You have any children? . . .

I have just the one girl. She's married, though, and has a boy, so I don't see her much. There's hardly any kids over on Eleventh Avenue. I'm a watchman over there. You a businessman? . . .

Well, that's a kind of a business. You write things and then somebody buys them. That's barter and sale. That's all a businessman does. Barter and sale. What kind of writing do you write? . . .

You ought to get me to tell you some things. You could write a whole book about what I could tell you. . . .

No, there's nothing you could write about there. I meant before I was a watchman. I bet you've seen me lots of times before I started being a watchman. I mean me, the fella that's talking to you. You go up and down Fifth Avenue, don't you? . . .

Well, that's what I mean. I bet you've went past me hundreds of times and not realized who you were going past. I've got you puzzled, ain't I? . . .

I used to be in the Santy Claus business. . . .

No, I never had money enough to give it away. Philanthropists are a little out of my line. I meant really in the Santy Claus business. I used to be Santy Claus. For the Salvation Army. You've seen them Santy Clauses on Fifth Avenue around Christmas time, haven't you? . . .

I certainly was one of them. I did it regular for four years. Talk about experiences that people have! I bet I could write a book about experiences I used to have. You could, anyway. Yes, indeed. . . .

NO, I just happened to start doing it. I didn't have anything particular to do in the winter times. I used to be a wagon-painter, but I give it up some years ago. I make my home by myself. When my daughter got married she had her own home, so she didn't have to make her home with me any more.

I got to talking with a fellow one night in a place I eat. He said he was tired from standing on account of having been playing he was Santy Claus all day. Well, he had me puzzled just like I had you puzzled just now. Then he says he was doing it for the Salvation Army. Well, I wasn't doing anything in particular so I said I wondered did they want anybody else to do it, too. The upshot was I went down the next day and seen the fella that was running the thing. I told him I'd be glad to do it to kill the time. I wasn't trying to make money out of it. I just wanted to see what it would be like. So we made the arrangements and they give me the outfit. This was December fifth. Either a Monday or a Tuesday. I kept on doing it every day right up to Christmas, except on Sundays. You had them off. Four years I did it. Not only that. I did it the same place every year except one year. Three years I was at Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. You go past there often, don't you? . . .

Well, that was probably me. Of course even if you'd known me then you wouldn't have known me with the outfit on. I was all dressed up. And believe me there was always something doing. Yes, indeed. I saw everything that was going on but nobody saw me. I mean nobody saw Joseph Blory. They just seen Santy Claus. People that looked like people I knew would come along and it didn't matter whether they was the people I knew or not. I'd have fooled them in that outfit. Oh, I could tell you a bookful of the things I saw happen. Comical things and sad things, too, if you came right down to it. Look, there's a kid looking at it. I bet he thinks it's a spectacle all right. He looks like a foreign kid. I guess they

don't have trees like that over there. The lady looks like a foreign lady, too. Do you suppose he is a foreign kid? . . .

Or French maybe. I guess she thinks he's seen enough of it. She might be his nursemaid. She looks pretty young to be his mother. Of course, you can't tell. That automobile was waiting for them. I guess that's why it stopped all right. Just so he could come over and see the tree. Wealthy people probably. The shoffer's pretending he's excited, too. He looks like a nice young fella. That's a nice-looking automobile, too. Well, now he's got something to tell them about when he gets home. That car's a foreign car, too, ain't it? . . .

Where was I when I was telling you about being Santy Claus? . . .

Oh, yes. Except for one year. They put me up at Fiftieth Street. That was nice, too. But I think I liked it better down at Thirty-third. I'd got to know a lot of people down there and it was good to get back there. The year I was at Fiftieth was the third year. But the fourth year I went back. A good many of the people around there remembered me. There was a man named Farry. He was a particular friend of mine. He was the carriage-starter at the store on the corner. He used to talk to me when there wasn't much doing. After I come back the fourth year, he come up the first day I showed up. He recognized me, of course, because him and me used to talk a lot and he knew how I looked even with the beard on. He was glad to see me back. I told him I was glad to get back. He was a great fella. He's been with the same store for fifteen years. I often see him now. Ever see that fella with the big blue coat and blue hat and all that stands in front of Turner's? . . .

Well, that's Farry. I bet he could give you a lot of funny experiences. I mind one time he was standing there and some rich woman come out of the store. Well, nothing would do but she had to have her automobile right away. So Farry blows a whistle for it to come around the corner. The shoffer got the signal all right and started to come around, but in the meanwhile some other lady come out of the store and wanted a taxi. Well, there was a taxi coming up Fifth Avenue and the fella in the taxi seen the lady so he pulls up to the curb so that the lady could get in. But in doing so the automobile of the rich lady got stopped from coming around the corner. Well, sir, you should have seen that rich lady get sore! She certainly give a piece of her mind to Farry for letting the taxi come in first. Of course Farry, he pretended he was awful sorry and all like that. But we had a good laugh as soon as the rich lady was gone. Of course the rich lady being a good customer, I guess, Farry had to make out like he was awful sorry. He certainly done it well, too. . . .

OH, yes, there was lots of them. A good many of them thought I really was Santy Claus. They used to give me letters and tell me what they wanted Santy to bring them. Thinking it was me, of course. They'd gen-

"My dear, she's still living in the time of Coolidge."

A Solemn Ceremony of Utmost Importance

COLORING the MEERSCHAUM PIPE

Engraved by JOHN HELD JR who is ever ready for a fight or a frolic

OH HEARTLESS MEMORY

• •

erally have a dime to drop in the chimney. Then when they were took away, sometimes I'd wink at the parents and the parents and I would have a good laugh. Of course some of the kids used to get scared to death. I mind one time one got so nervous—it was a little girl—I thought she was going to have a fit or something. She was with her father, I guess. He'd give her a dime or something to drop in the chimney, but she was too scared. So he dropped it in. She seemed to be all right after he'd took her down the street a little ways. . . .

That's a funny question, because I was just going to tell you about just such an occasion. It wasn't only somebody I knew. It was my daughter and her boy. It was one afternoon and she'd had him out with her somewhere and they come walking along, looking in the windows. I seen them before they seen me and I wondered if they'd know me. They didn't, though. The boy come up. He was only five then. He come up and told me all he wanted from Santy Claus. My daughter wasn't paying much attention, thank goodness. I pretended I was taking it all down. I didn't say anything when he got through. I just nodded. I was scared my daughter would see who it was if I talked. I thought I'd keep still about it because I knew she wouldn't like me being Santy Claus.

But Christmas Day I had dinner with her and her husband and the boy, and I'd bought him a little telephone he'd told me he wanted. Well, the joke was so good that later I had to tell my daughter about it. She was awful sore about it. She made me promise not to be Santy Claus any more. That's why her husband got me this watchman's job. I had to have something to keep busy at, and I guess they thought it would keep me out of mischief. Still it was a nice thing to do around Christmas time. Good joke on them, though, wasn't it?

—MARC CONNELLY

EENY MEENY MINY MO

CATCH BARBARA FOLTZ, LISTED IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER, BY THE TOE

HAVE you ever tried to decide which of Arthur Murray's dance instructors you would like to dance with, from reading about them and looking at their pictures in the *Herald Tribune*? I have! Have you ever weighed Grace Hazelton against Barbara Foltz? Have you ever pitted Florence Leighton Smith's beauty against Gladys Pell's patience? I do all the time.

And where do I get? Where, to be sure, does Arthur Murray get? I am one of the best prospects for a dance studio in New York City—I am as good material as any dance studio could hope for: clumsy, awkward, diffident, no social charm, no sense of rhythm, no tuxedo. I am the perfect customer for a dance studio; as my friends put it I am "made to order for Arthur Murray." Yet what comes of it all? I

look at the likenesses of his six dance instructors, I memorize the descriptions of their traits and capabilities, and I simply can't make up my mind which one I want, to the exclusion of the other five. I want them all. I want Barbara, Gladys, Elizabeth, Florence, Grace, Dorothy—I want to hold all six of them close to me, and make the same mistakes with every one. How can I choose one girl from that lovely galaxy, even though I crave the definite air of distinction, the subtle sophistication, the youthful vivacity which would characterize my dancing were I to register at Murray's?

USUALLY, as I glance at the advertisement, I start by favoring Gladys Pell, who is described as "lovely, patient, sympathetic." Those are sterling qualities. Patience is absolutely essential in my case, patience plus a kind of animal passion which makes dancing with me bearable even after it is clearly torture. Yes, patience is important; I have a bagful of tricks that would try the patience of even a Gladys Pell, not the least of which is the way I toss my head to the music and break into a little wan smile as I glide about the floor. Miss Pell is also described as "a descendant of the Pell to whom Pelham was given by King George." What an asset in a dance partner! Think how it would break the ice for me to start talking familiarly of Pelham, and go right on in a natural manner to Pelham Manor, Pelham Heights, and Pelham Wood—all the time dancing, or trying to! Nor am I a man who stops at Pelham, either; the first thing you know Miss Pell and I would be talking freely about New Rochelle.

No sooner do I decide that Gladys Pell is the instructor for me than I start reading about Elizabeth Anderson, "whose delightful manner with beginners is remembered long after the pupil becomes an excellent dancer." Not a word about her patience, mind you, but what of it? What if she *hasn't* got the patience of a Pell? Patience be damned, what I want is memories. I want a girl I can remember. Yes, remember long after. Ten years after, if you want to know. Twenty years, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven years. I don't want to go to Arthur Murray's studio, put my arm around a sweet girl, and then go away and never think of her again. I'm no cad, or "rotter."

But here! Look at this! Look at Florence Leighton Smith, of New York City and Miami, who is "a graduate of Smith College, class of 1929. Miss Smith's pupils at Arthur Murray's quickly acquire that confidence and poise so essential to good dancing." After all, that's what I'm after, isn't it? Or isn't it? No matter how patient a girl is with me, no matter how long I remember a girl after dancing with her, what do those things get me if I still have no poise? Even to have no poise in the presence of, or in the arms of, a Smith graduate, would be something. I don't say it would be everything, but I say it would be something. Yes, sir, Florence is my girl.

Florence is my girl nothing! Dorothy Lucille Calvo is my girl. "Dorothy Lucille Calvo, of Savannah, Georgia, where she was socially prominent. Her charming personality is expressed in her dancing and reflected in the dancing of Arthur Murray's pupils." That's what's been the matter with my dancing—it didn't have anything of the Old South in it, none of the languor, none of the charming stupefaction, none of the hatred of the North with its damned Bluecoats. Ah wants a dayncin' pahtnah lak' Missy Do'thy; Ah wants t' lay mah hayd against the soft Suth'n cheek of a gal from ole G'ogia. Then Ah can daynce! Mmm-mmm, Ah can sutinly daynce!

"Gee, Irving, don't you <u>love</u> Atlantic City when that lousy summer crowd ain't here?"

WELL, there you are. I get all steamed up over Dorothy, Florence, Elizabeth, Gladys, only to transfer my allegiance the next moment to Grace Hazelton, under whose talented tutelage society people and businessmen alike find it a pleasure to keep their dancing young. Grace has her little day, and I find myself belonging lock, stock, and barrel to Barbara Foltz, whose family is "listed in the Social Register." Under the "F"s, probably.

It's no use. I'll never be able to narrow my choice down to one dance instructor. I think what I better do is have all the girls down to my place some afternoon for cocktails. No, not you, Mr. Murray—just the girls and me. Any time after five-thirty. Dancing.

—E. B. W.

HARD LINES

I WANT NEW YORK

I think those people are utterly unreliable
Who say they'd be happy on a desert island with a copy of the Biable
And "Hamlet" (by Shakespeare) and "Don Quixote" (by Cervantes)
And poems by Homer and Virgil and perhaps a thing or two of Dante's.
And furthermore, I have a feeling that if they were marooned till the millennium's dawn,
Very few of us would notice that they were gone.
Perhaps they don't like my opinions any better than I like theirs,
But who cares?
If I were going to be marooned and could take only one thing along,
I'd be perfectly happy if I could take the thing which is the subject of this song.
I don't mean anything that was brought either by the postman or the stork.
I mean the City of New York.
For New York is a wonder city, a veritable fairyland
With many sights not to be seen in Massachusetts or Maryland.
It is situated on the island of Manhattan,
Which I prefer to such islands as Welfare or Staten.
And it is far superior
To the cities of the interior.
What if it has a heterogeneous populace?
That is one of the privileges of being a metropulace,
And heterogeneous people don't go round bothering each other,
And you can be reasonably sure that everything you do won't get right back to your dear old mother.
In New York beautiful girls can become more beautiful by going to Elizabeth Arden
And getting stuff put on their faces and waiting for it to harden,
And poor girls with nothing to their names but a letter or two can get rich and joyous
From a brief trip to their lawyers.
And anybody with a relative of whose will he is the beneficiary
Can do pretty well in the judiciary.
So I can say with impunity
That New York is a city of opportunity.
It also has many fine theatres and hotels,
And a lot of taxis, buses, subways, and "L"s;
And anybody can find somewhere in it his favorite diversion,
Whether he be Argentine, Scandinavian, or Persian.
Best of all, if you don't show up at the office or at a tea nobody will bother their head.
They will just think you are dead.
That's why I really think New York is exquisite.
It isn't all right just for a visit,
But by God's grace
I'd live in it and like it even better if they gave me the place.

LINES INDITED WITH ALL THE DEPRAVITY OF POVERTY

One way to be very happy is to be very rich,
For then you can buy orchids by the quire and bacon by the flitch,
And yet at the same time
People don't mind if you only tip them a dime.
Because it's very funny.
But somehow if you're rich enough you can get away with spending water like money,
While if you're not rich you can spend in one evening your salary for the year
And everybody will just stand around and jeer.
Then being rich has a lot of other advantages,
So that millionaires are swathed in benefits the way victims are swathed in bantages.
For instance, if you are rich you can break in turn each of the nation's antique laws
And instead of being reprimanded you get treated like a regular Santique Claus.
You don't have to think twice about buying a thoroughbred horse,
Or a lower instead of an upper, or a new suit, or a divorce,
And you never have to say when,
And you can sleep every morning until nine or ten.
All of which
Explains why I should like very, very much to be very, very rich.

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LINES IN DISPRAISE OF DISPRAISE

I hereby bequeath to the Bide-a-Wee Home all people who have statistics to prove that a human
Is nothing but a combination of iron and water and potash and albumen.
That may very well be the truth,
But it's just like saying that a cocktail is nothing but ice and gin and vermouth.
People who go around analyzing
Are indeed very tanalizing.
They always want to get at the bottom
Of everything from spring to ottom.
They can't just look at a Rembrandt or a Bartolozzi
And say: "Boy! that's pretty hozzi-tozzi!"
No, they have to break it up into its component parts
And reconstruct it with blueprints and charts.
My idea is that while, after looking around me and even at me, I may not be proud of being a human,
I object to having attention called to my iron and water and potash and albumen.
In the first place, it's undignified,
And in the second place, nothing by it is signified.
Because it isn't potash etcetera that makes people Republicans or Democrats or Ghibellines or Guelphs,
It's the natural perversity of the people themselfs.
No, no, you old analysts, away with the whole kit and kaboodle of you.
I wouldn't even make mincemeat to give to a poodle of you.

—Ogden Nash

OF ALL THINGS

BEN LINDSEY is a stranger here himself and does not understand our native customs. A judge is assumed to be guilty until found innocent.

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After all, some good may come of the bout between the featherweights, Kid Manning and Battling Ben. Husky fellows out of work can now get jobs as bouncers at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

•

Those who demand that the government use the army and navy to enforce prohibition are confronted with a grave dilemma. American soil is too wet for the army and not quite wet enough for the navy.

•

The grillroom of a West Side hotel was wrecked in one of those perennial scraps between freshmen and sophomores. America is a quaint country in which the students riot mostly against each other. They upset tables instead of governments.

•

An official advises the farmers not to seek work in the cities but to lie low for the winter and wait for better times. Meanwhile keeping warm and cozy under their heavy mortgages.

•

"There is as much capital in the country as ever," says Vice-President Curtis, "but it is not working." It just sits around all day like a Vice-President.

•

Californians refuse to believe any rumors from the low-lying Middle West. Before the kickoff at Los Angeles they practically pitied the Notre Dame team.

•

They keep telling us that money goes farther now but it all depends upon what you want. Pennsylvanians, for example, never got so little Senator per dollar.

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A singing teacher, barred from a residential zone, protests that his calling is not a trade, business, or industry. Just a racket, we suppose.

•

Alcotate, the evil-smelling new denaturant, is guaranteed to make the ultimate consumer sick. It is not stated when this product will reach the market but you had better do your Christmas shopping early.

•

The movement to pay up the veterans' bonus in full as a stimulus to business is getting strong support in Congress. Some of our best minds feel that this is exactly the right time to try to sell the people three and a half billion dollars' worth of bonds.

•

The superintendent has put a ban on Christmas presents for school-teachers, but what the penalty is for violation we do not know. Probably the little scoundrels caught in riotous giving will be lined up by the Vice Squad.

•

Reports are going around that our stores are not overcrowded with Yuletide shoppers. It's the old story: no work and no pay make jack pretty scarce. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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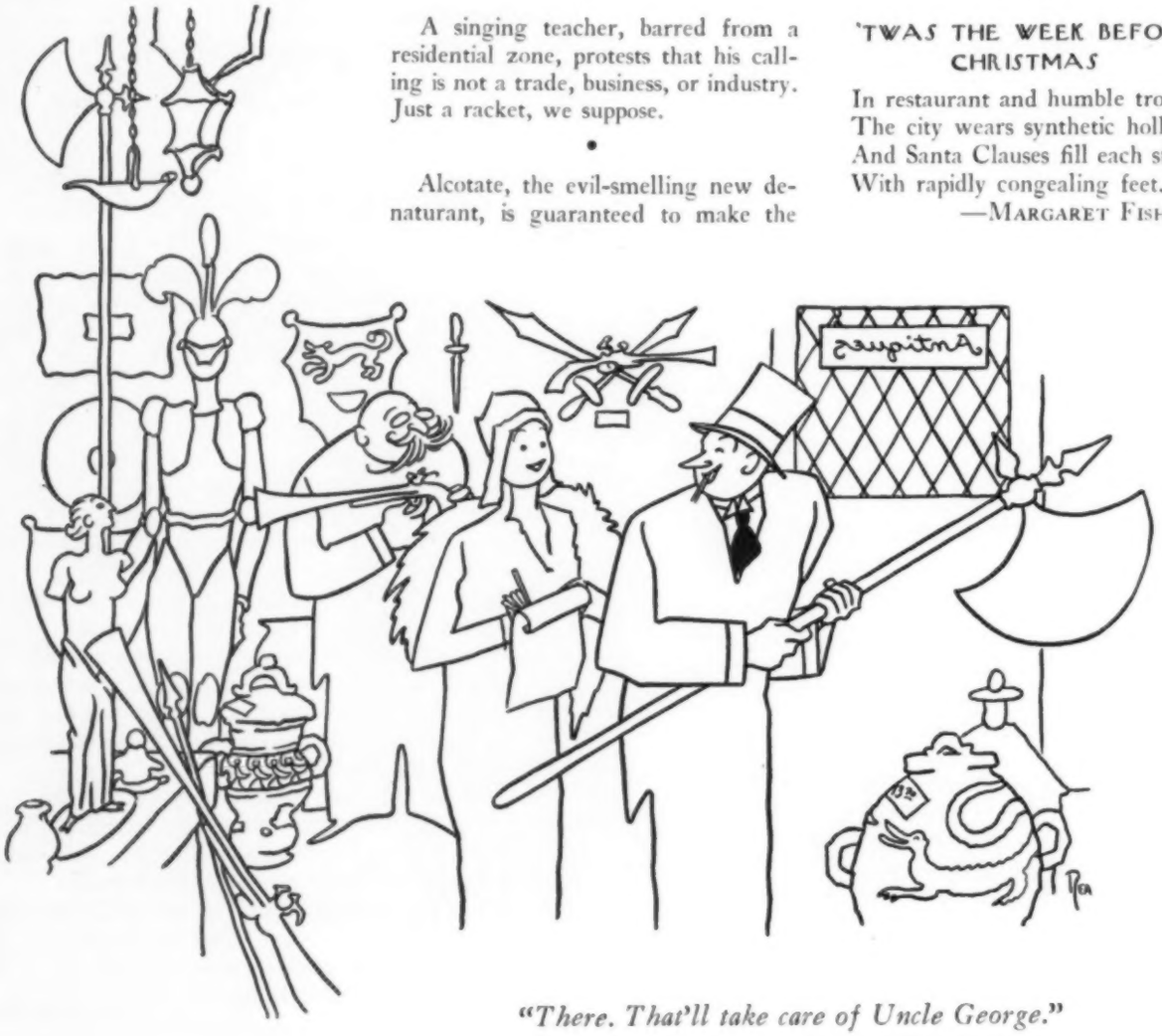
'TWAS THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

In restaurant and humble trolley
The city wears synthetic holly
And Santa Clauses fill each street
With rapidly congealing feet.
—MARGARET FISHBACK



"There. That'll take care of Uncle George."

THE FALSE NOTE

PROFILES

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY STYLE

Father Finn

THE church of the Paulist Fathers, with its selfcontained Romanesque arches and its medieval dignity and repose, is, if you stop to consider it, a strange edifice to be standing alongside the Ninth Avenue "L." Equally unexpected in its way is the personality of Father William J. Finn. Father Finn, the leader of the Paulist choristers, is famous among connoisseurs of a rare and special kind of music: first, because he can do extraordinary things with a male choir; secondly, because his choir sings the sacred music of the Great Age—the sixteenth century—as it is hardly ever sung in these degenerate times.

The times are degenerate; that is, from Father Finn's point of view, which in musical matters is strictly sixteenth-century. For the past three hundred years, in his estimation, music has been sliding downhill, debauched by the craze for opera and other newfangled forms. His grounds of complaint against operatic and orchestral composition are sweeping. First, it relies upon instruments—"mechanical instruments" he calls them in a somewhat slighting manner, his own instrument being the ancient ecclesiastical one of the human voice massed in chorus. He also objects that in modern music "romanticism and the portrayal of personal sentiment" have superseded the sterner spiritual qualities.

"The art of music has lost so much of its sometime character," he says severely, "that for three centuries musicians, in the majority, have sensed less of spiritual than of sensual potency in its elements."

Delivered in person, the foregoing statements are less forbidding than they look in print. Father Finn's dissertations are accompanied by a fleeting twinkle; what is behind the twinkle, no one can say. It may be an Irish condition of chronic amusement, having reference to nothing in particular. He is an elusive person, charming and at times slightly maddening, like most charming people. He hates explanations and commitments, and persons calling trustfully to keep an appointment with him often find that the bird has flown. In the words of one of his associates: "You never know when you have him." These Peter Pannish qualities are contradictorily housed in a big, burly man of fifty or so, with a striking profile and a superb presence on the concert platform. He is probably not unaware of his terrestrial assets. His musical ideas may have an other-worldly ring, but there is nothing medieval about his sense of showmanship.

How else to account for the secular success of his choir? The Paulist choristers are as much at home on the radio as they are in church. They began by appearing in the National Catholic Hour, a weekly broadcast over forty-seven stations. Last season, in addition, they were heard several times in the Eveready Hour, a distinction which they share with George Gershwin, Elsie Janis, Trader Horn, Mario Chamlee, Richard Dix, and the Eveready Orchestra. At one Eveready appearance Father Finn and his choristers gave the German Requiem of Brahms, at another the Mozart Requiem, at the third the St. Matthew Passion music of Bach, all fairly heavy musical fare, but the public gulped it down.

CHORAL performances, as such, are not overwhelmingly popular, and if a choral director can get away with a program like that—there is really no other phrase—on the radio, he must be unusual. According to learned observers the Paulist choir actually is unusual in several respects. One is the ethereal quality of the boy sopranos—Father Finn's name for it is "disembodied tone." In 1912 he took the Chicago choristers to Paris and won first honors in a competition with ninety-six European choirs; the award, which was bestowed by the French government, making special mention of the tone quality of the sopranos. Another of his accomplishments is the artificial creation of an alto section—not easy in a male choir, because Nature has neglected to provide contralto voices in the liturgically acceptable sex. What Father Finn does is to take soprano boys whose voices are about to mature, and by "singing them through the break" train their maturing voices to perform alto parts.

People accustomed to the cold correctness of most modern choral performances are pleasurably startled by the warmth of his interpretations. He has critics, however, to whom that selfsame warmth is objectionable. Some of his fellow-choirmasters, Episcopalians especially, almost shudder at the moving sincerity which permeates the ecclesiastical restraint of the older music in his hands. Under cover of anonymity, a prominent Anglican musician, who admires Father Finn, recently confided his opinion.

"Anglicans," he said, "think feeling is bad form."

Father Finn's specialty is the music known as the sixteenth-century style, the great ecclesiastical compositions which were the swan song of the Middle Ages. Palestrina, Guido d'Arezzo, and the other masters of polyphony, are his favorites, if so pale a word can be applied to a ruling passion. Unhappily the public has a tendency to resist Palestrina even when it will stand for Bach, so Father Finn uses verbal persuasion, bidding his radio listeners notice how in polyphonic composition each part of the choir is given an independent line of melody, and how these lines are woven into an ineffably satisfying whole. It is enormously important to him that people shall know the glories of Palestrina. As he has repeatedly tried to explain, this final burst of medieval music expresses something much more than itself. Disciplined, ecclesiastical, yet with an inner glow, it is the voice of an age of faith which is no more. Only Father Finn has never said that! What he does say is somewhat as follows:

"The music psychology of the monks has surrendered to a point of view which lacks the exalted nobility of purpose upon which the monastic zeal had rested so securely."

People have commented with delight upon a Hibernian fluency in the Reverend Father's literary style. Long words flow trippingly from his pen. Like the rest of us, he has yielded to the lure of "psychology;" it is his pet expression.

Father Finn's life's preoccupation dates from a definite occasion when he was fourteen. His mother had dragged him, protesting, to a Tenebrae service at the Boston cathedral, and there for the first time the music of the medieval church burst on his consciousness. In modern times one becomes either a musician *or* an ecclesiastic; young Finn reverted to an earlier pattern in which the church was all-embracing; he became both. There were musicians on his family tree—a professional singer or two, with amateurs on both sides. His father, who was a doctor, was musically inclined. Having made up his mind, the muscular young Irishman hustled around acquiring three kinds of education: religious, musical, and the ordinary variety. He prepared for college at the old Boston Latin School, studying organ at the same time, and at sixteen he was organist at the Carmelite monastery in Boston. In 1900 he entered St. Charles College near Baltimore, then began his theological studies at the Catholic University in Washington. Leaving them incomplete, he flitted back to Boston for more musical studies.

In 1903 the American Catholic clergy were upset by a musical bombshell. The Pope, in his encyclical letter, deplored the lax custom of employing women sopranos and urged the churches to return to orthodoxy and have only men and boy singers. Soon the ear-splitting noise of the new boy choirs was all but driving the worshippers from church, and in this crisis Father Finn was summoned to take charge of the Paulist choir in Chicago. He was ordained in 1906, and for eleven years thereafter not only directed the choir but acted as curate of a parish affiliated with the Paulist church, in a downtown district so tough that the priests were often accompanied by policemen on their parish visits.

In that life, he recalls, "you had to jump from one thing to another." He would be in the midst of a rehearsal of music which deplored in stately Latin the sins and miseries of mankind, when he would have an emergency sick call around the corner and be plunged into the real thing. He thinks those wrenching contrasts were good for him.

"It's one of my favorite doctrines," he explains, "that in music you have to have something to say."

In 1918 he came to New York to become connected with the Church of Saint Paul the Apostle in Fifty-ninth Street, which is in many ways a glittering exception among Catholic churches. It had a musical reputation even before Father Finn's day, and its architecture is studded with famous names—windows by John La Farge, high altar by

"Why, you poor dears, you're being neglected."

Stanford White, statuary by MacMonnies, and general consultation by Saint-Gaudens. Father Finn is no longer called on for parochial visits, but in other respects he follows the routine of the monastic community to which he belongs. If he has no later Mass he gets up at five in the morning to say Mass in the monastery chapel at six. There is a second chapel service before lunch, another before supper, and night prayers at the end of the day; the rest of the time he has for his musical work except when he has to preach. Father Finn lives at the rectory adjoining the church, and has no possessions beyond the clothes he wears and the minimum of personal necessities, because the order to which he belongs requires a vow of poverty. He has a sister who is a nun in Newfoundland, and another sister who is married to a curator of a museum in Vienna. The rest of his immediate family—a mother, two more sisters, and a brother—live in New York. Except for visits to them he doesn't go out much.

ONE of his practical aptitudes is for managing choirboys; nobody is better at reducing pink-cheeked barbarians of thirteen to order and to music. His extra-religious activities include radio, lectures, an annual concert at the Metropolitan, and even more ambitious ventures; for instance, in 1918 he took the choristers on a six months' tour of the country to raise money for rebuilding Rheims. As a local enthusiast phrased it: "The Paulist choristers charm the ear to heal the bleeding heart of France." When he has nothing else to do he composes for the choir—fluent, appealing melodies which invariably make a hit with the audience when sung on secular occasions. People who have heard him working things out on a piano, whether at a choir rehearsal or elsewhere, are sometimes struck by an unseemly but fascinating thought: he could play jazz marvellously if he wanted to.

The Paulist choristers could not be called fanatically sectarian. When they sang before the Pope in 1912 the head solo-boy was a Protestant, and there is nearly always a sprinkling of singers not of the Catholic faith. It is Father Finn's great grievance that he was unable to keep going the choir school which he started in 1919. This school, for the few bright months of its existence, flourished in a pseudo-Gothic mansion known as Libby Castle, on Washington Heights. It was a regular boarding school, with grammar and college preparatory courses, and by providing a place to keep the boys, made it possible for Father Finn to have his pick of voices from all over the United States. Today he has to recruit his organization entirely from the metropolitan district. His trouble, of course, is lack of funds. What the choristers take in from outside sources does little more than meet the expenses of the huge unit of eighty boys and men.

Lately, however, increasing public notice has brought him within speaking distance of his dream of restoring the school. It would be a glorified school this time, a national choral institute which would train one choirmaster and two boys from each Catholic diocese, and thus implant the Paulist musical standards in Catholic churches all through the United States. Even as it is, Father Finn is adviser extraordinary on musical matters to his fellow-churchmen, and sometimes to non-Catholics too. Priests write in from all over the country to ask his advice on organ installations in their churches, and last spring he helped with the organization of a big Episcopalian choir.

FATHER FINN pieced together his own conceptions of choral conducting partly from the procedure of modern choirs, more from the meagre and fragmentary hints left by the great medieval conductors. About twenty-five years ago he began going abroad a few months at a time, to study and listen. He sat at the feet of Sir Richard Terry in the Catholic cathedral of Westminster. He haunted St. Mark's in Venice and the Roman basilicas, saturated himself in the art of the Vatican choir and mulled over medieval scores in the Vatican library, to learn what he could about the older papal choirs whose history runs back to the fifth century. He found, however, very little that was tangible. It appeared that recreating the lost glories of the choral art was not a problem to yield to research. In the last analysis it was a matter of artistic intuition; in fact, of "psychology." Father Finn has stated the matter characteristically.

"One who has acquired facility in musical technique only," he says, "and has failed to cultivate within himself a fine psychology of religion, will never elicit from a chorus the great inspirations of music."

That, at any rate, sounds like half the explanation of Father Finn. The other half runs off into alarming musical technicalities that most of us can't understand even when they are explained to us. But what anybody can understand is that in his hands the music of the past becomes live feeling instead of dead scholarship.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

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ETERNAL THINGS

Those who say
  The city's rush
Crowds from our lives
  That prayerful hush

Which leads the erring
  Soul to ponder
On eternal
  Things, I wonder

If they have sat
  Alone, aloof,
While rain falls on
  The taxi's roof,

Shut from the world
  In a traffic jam?
'Tis then I wonder
  Who I am.

Through this enforcèd
  Solitude
Ill-suited to
  A festive mood

I make my peace
  With the universe,
Look for the lipstick
  In my purse,

Polish my nails
  Upon my palm
And face eternity
  With calm.

—ANGELA CYPHER

THE THEATRE

JUST TWO THIS TIME

ANYTHING that may be said on this page in praise of the "sociological musical satire" known as "The New Yorkers" must not be construed as propaganda for an affiliated organization. The venture of Mr. E. Ray Goetz has no connection with this publication, although he has enlisted the services of Mr. Peter Arno in such varied capacities as scene-sketcher, costume-designer, and bookbaser. The union, if one exists at all, is purely a spiritual one.

Mr. Goetz, in preparing his little entertainment, has put the proverbial drunken sailor in the Hetty Green class of spenders. One by one he has been adding high-priced stars to his cast until the stage looks like one of those Ralph Barton double-page charts of celebrities. Beginning with that Matteawan Stringed Quartet, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, he has unbelted to the extent of weekly envelopes for Frances Williams, Charles King, Hope Williams, Richard Carle, Marie Cahill, Ann Pennington, and Tammany Young. There is probably an additional fee for the use of Waring's Pennsylvanians, who, no matter how large the fee, are worth it. And you can't tell me that he gets all those beautiful girls for nothing, either. All in all, one of the prettiest pennies seen on Broadway for some time.

As is usually the case when so many stars are herded together on one stage, some of them have very little to do. The Misses Cahill and Pennington and Mr. Carle are brought on every once in a while just to make the show check up with the program, but when they do work they seem to be in full possession of all their old-time talents. Most of the songs are given to Miss Frances Williams and Mr. Charles King, which is as it should be, although there is a trio of young ladies known only as the Three Girl Friends who croon reprises very softly in a manner which is distinctive among girl trios in that the air can be distinctly heard above the alto and whatever that other part is. I thought that Cole Porter's lyrics were this time more distinctive than his music, but, as I seem temperamentally unable to judge a song's merits until I hear it played later by a dance orchestra or on the piano at home, I am saying nothing. It took me two weeks to catch on to the score of "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

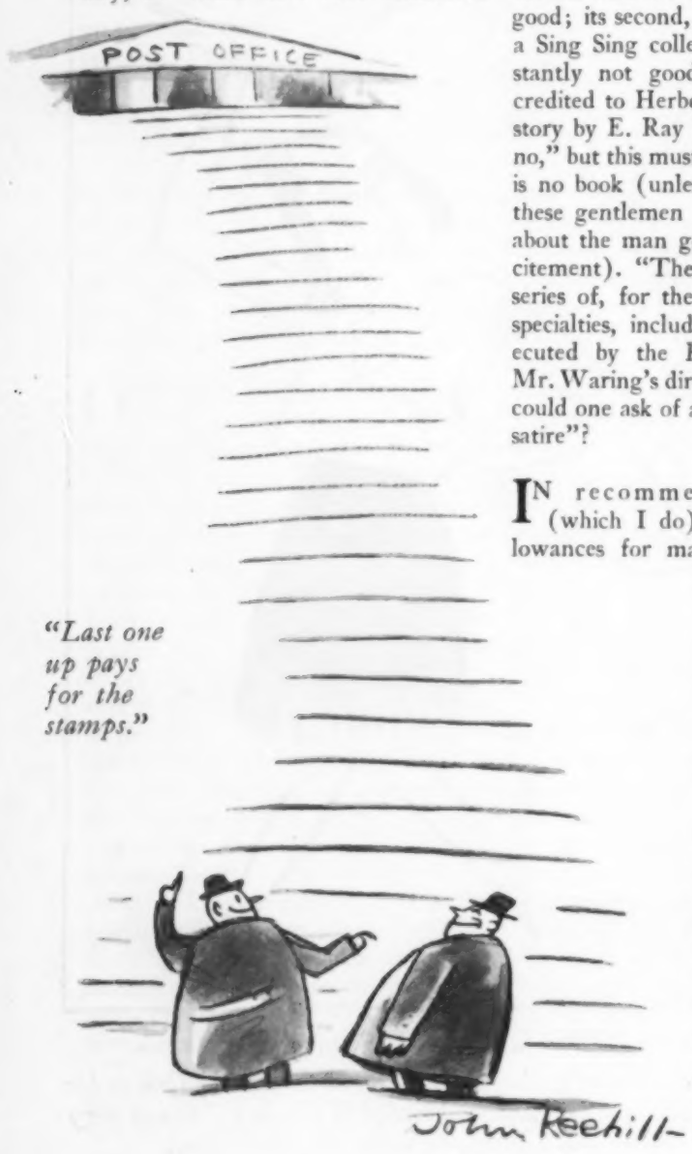
FORTUNATELY for "The New Yorkers," Jimmie Durante and his little playmates, Eddie and Lou, have a major share of the work—or perhaps it is that the work they do seems to be major. As I am already on record in the Library of Congress as being completely a victim of any of Mr. Durante's efforts, including the aspirate straightening of his tie or the sudden twirling on his heel to face his imaginary accusers, all that I can add now is an expression of wonder, entirely mixed

"GIRL CRAZY"

In which Willie Howard is seen trying to be as much like an Indian as his natural racial characteristics will permit, and Ethel Merman holds one very excellent note for several exciting minutes. At the Alvin.

with awe, that a man who started out as the greatest of all madmen should grow increasingly better as his fame and adulation spread. Most of his material in this show is familiar to his loyal followers in night clubs and vaudeville, "Venice," "Wood," and "Man the ingines, man the boats, man the sails!;" and one of his new acts is entirely unworthy of his genius, relieved, as it is, only by his facial expression and his repeated cry "How mortifying!" but there is an almost new fire behind it all (if a fire which is already roaring to the tree tops can be renewed) and it gives "The New Yorkers" its chief reason for being.

If anyone had ever predicted that a young lady (other than a character like "dat great int'national ente'tainer, Mam'selle Fifi!") could stand up in a song number with Clayton, Jackson, and Durante and survive as a personality, he would have been considered either crazy or madly in love with the young lady in question. That Miss Hope Williams is able to do not only this very thing (and, what is more, finish in the money) but should also be able to stand still and let a juvenile sing to her without having a note in answer for herself and still dominate the number—all this marks Miss Williams as a practically indestructible personality on the stage. Not even in her previous incarnations in "Paris Bound," "Holiday," and "Rebound" has she stood out in such full relief, possibly because of the contrast with her surroundings in "The New Yorkers." It was very, very wise of Mr. Goetz to include her in his list of beneficiaries.



"Last one up pays for the stamps."

WITH such people as these, "The New Yorkers" could hardly help but be fairly good entertainment most of the time. Its first act is almost constantly good; its second, with the exception of a Sing Sing college song, almost constantly not good. There is a book credited to Herbert Fields "based on a story by E. Ray Goetz and Peter Arno," but this must be a mistake, as there is no book (unless it took all three of these gentlemen to remember the one about the man getting shot in the excitement). "The New Yorkers" is a series of, for the most part, excellent specialties, including some honeys executed by the Pennsylvanians under Mr. Waring's direction, and what more could one ask of a "sociological musical satire"?

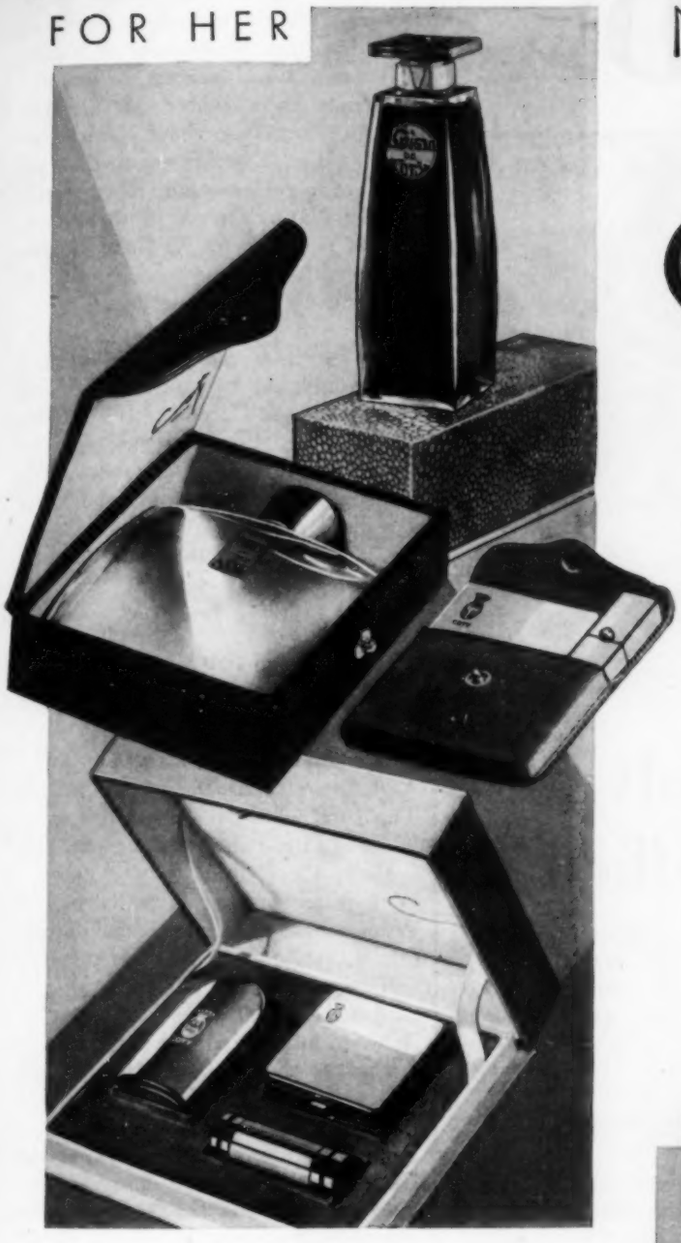
IN recommending "Overture" (which I do) one must make allowances for many people who will probably not be moved by it. The entire action takes place around a conference table in the council chamber of a town hall in Germany two years after the war (a setting which, by the way, Mr. Donald Oenslager has made so realistic that one can almost smell the musty draught of sixteenth-century air as it wafts up the broad stairway outside), and, although there is plenty of gunplay and shouting in the street below, the main action is almost entirely *ex post facto* and an audience must be fairly susceptible to the excitement of ideas if it is to be carried along as the author intended.

Around this conference table we see, in quick succession, three town governments take their places: the solid burghers, the proletariat, and finally the military. The few brief hours during which the common people are in control are sufficient for the idealistic young patrician who is their leader to discover that he has to work, not only with other idealists like himself, but with cowards and ruthless zealots in the broader cause of world revolution to whom this little town is merely a civic cadaver to be piled high on other cadavers for future generations to climb on. He finally finds himself facing the firing squad alone, with the not entirely convincing possibility of being joined later by the young Red who seemed pretty fairly able to take care of himself.

A conference table is a dangerous place to lay your action on, and "Overture" undoubtedly suffers from too much conference, but, throughout it all, there is a muffled roll of drums in the distance which, if you hear them, is tremendously exciting. In Mr. Oenslager's setting, the acting of Colin Clive as the patrician leader of the proletariat and Pat O'Brien as the implacable Red seems fraught with a genuine Teutonic spirit in spite of their obviously Celtic origin. (I can see no sense in the complaint that Mr. Clive speaks with an English accent, as most educated Germans speak with an English accent and everybody else in the play is speaking English anyway. In fact, the distinctly German accent of Carlos Zizold, were he not so effective as a characterization, would be more out of keeping than Mr. Clive's "Journey's End" manner.) Most of the minor parts are very well done, and Miss Barbara Robbins, except for an inexplicable terror at the sight of death (inexplicable for a young Communist leader, that is) which is probably not her fault, gives the one important woman's part in the play enough color almost to hold up that end of the story. "Overture" is one of the most unusual of the season's dramas, and, in spite of its obvious weaknesses, a fine thing to have done.

"Overture" was written by the late William Bolitho just before he died last summer. It offers tremendous promise, unhappily never to be fulfill-

FOR HER



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FOR HIM

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★*These stores open evenings*

ed. A Frenchman named René Quinton has recently written, in praise of war, that "it is the intention of Nature that man should die in his prime." I do not know where M. Quinton gets his information about Nature's intentions, but, if he is correct, then we have got to get something a little better to take Nature's place in the future. It was not time for William Bolitho to die, M. Quinton and Nature to the contrary notwithstanding.

AND while we are on the subject, I would like to protest the killing by a taxicab, on December 10, of Wesley Hill, the Angel Gabriel of "The Green Pastures." There was really no sense in that, Lord, and you know it as well as I do.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

CALIFORNIANA

That Sunday-morning ritual when
We breakfasted at half-past ten!
Our window at the Plaza framed
A glimpse of wintry boscage tamed:
The frozen lake, the rocks that mark
Where Fifty-ninth Street joins the Park,
With patient cabbies at the curb,
Whose trade no blizzard can disturb.
Oh, is the sandstone fountain there
Still crumbling into disrepair?
And is the General's gilding bright
As when he dazzled first our sight?
These are the thoughts that will not let
An exiled Gothamite forget,
Even though sunshine strive to make
December seem a crude mistake.
Once, cozy rooms and flowers meant
A luxury of sweet content.
We snuggled into furs, defied
Glare-ice to keep us mured inside.
After the Philharmonic we
Would find some quiet place for tea,
With log fires crackling and a mound
Of cinnamon toast expertly browned,
While muted strings induced a mood
Of delicate solicitude.
Oh, Lord, I'm sick of "smiling skies"!—
Mere propaganda in disguise;
Too thrifty, maybe, I've no taste
For open spaces gone to waste,
And orange blossoms are, I swear,
Strictly the florist's own affair!
Sunday again. . . . Ah, who'll atone
For breakfast ordered up alone?
And is our table laid for two?
I wish I knew, I wish I knew!

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

"What makes the Skin break out?"

THIS FAMOUS DANISH DERMATOLOGIST WAS ASKED

DOCTOR PONTOPPIDAN tells of one great cause... and how Fresh Yeast corrects it

DR. BORGE PONTOPPIDAN is physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital of Copenhagen. He is widely known for his writings on skin diseases, in which he specializes.

THEY are unpleasant, to say the least—those ugly skin blemishes—blackheads, eruptions and blotches!

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These were the questions put to the great Copenhagen skin specialist, Dr. Pontoppidan—an outstanding authority in his field.

Here is the answer Dr. Pontoppidan gave:

"A predominating cause of the more common forms of skin troubles may be an auto-intoxication brought about by abnormal processes in the intestinal canal.

"I have had excellent results," he explained, "in treating such skin disorders with fresh yeast. Results have likewise been excellent in cases of a general run-down condition of health when constipation has been the underlying cause."

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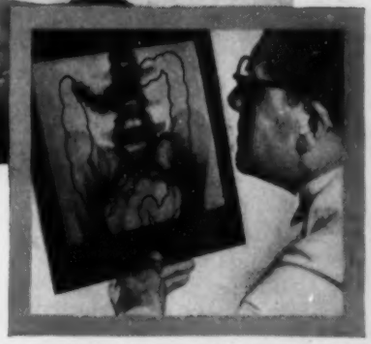

POISONS from clogged intestines cause most common skin troubles, doctors find. Fresh yeast keeps intestines active, *clean*, as X-ray shows.

"When I was in school I became run-down and my skin was not in good condition," *writes* Miss Marion Reardon *of Holyoke, Mass.* (at right). "After eating Fleischmann's Yeast the skin eruptions disappeared and I felt fine again."

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Spain's foremost dermatologist, Dr. Sánchez-Covisa, declares: "Fresh yeast is of great aid in the treatment of pimples and boils." Prof. Dr. Brandweiner, noted Vienna specialist, reports: "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of the poisons which cloud the skin."

Eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast daily, before or between meals and at bedtime, plain or in hot or cold water, or any way you like.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

As scandals go in this happy western world, the perfidy discovered in the judiciary of our city is not very exciting. Oh, a few crooked judges, and Chile Mapocha Acuna, and a handful of distinctly lower-class females victimized by the fellows of the Vice Squad, but no big money, no big money. Remembering with a nostalgic sigh the fifty million that Boss Tweed cleaned up in a single year, it is difficult to enjoy the pleasures of indignation over a magistrate who puts the black mark upon himself for a paltry ten thousand dollars. The whole thing lacks the touch of grandeur, and in all the gallery of culprits there is not a single genuinely sinister rascal. The race of public officials seems to be softening up.

Suppose we glance at the tally—leaving out the Honorable Mr. Crater, to whom we cling as a faintly wistful mystery—and see what really has happened. I am afraid that it will be a trifle dull, but we must always be prepared for a modicum of boredom when we take up Important Matters.

"YOUR HONOR—"

There was, first of all, His Honor Judge Winslow of the Federal District Court. The story of his decline is brief. His duties required him to appoint the receivers for a great number of bankrupts, and it became apparent one day that he appointed the same receiver for virtually all of them. The receiver is paid large fees. There were rumors that the Judge and his chosen appointee were excellent friends, that they had quiet business dealings on the side, and there was the proposal for impeachment proceedings against him. The Judge resigned his post and forestalled any such proceedings, retiring into the privacy of his citizenship.

THE next two cases had a drop more of juice in them: the cases of His Honor Judge Mancuso of the Court of General Sessions, and His Honor Judge Vitale of the City Magistrates' Court.

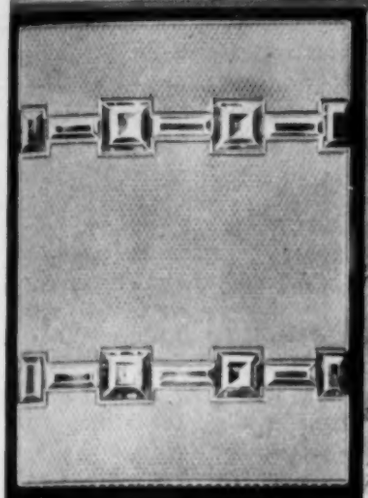
Mancuso was a minor god among the Italians of the city. They worshipped his charm of manner, his success, and his universal reputation for integrity. Therefore, when he became a director in the City Trust Company, the Italians of the city at once thought well of that company and poured their savings into its manifold enterprises. They saw by the papers that he had attended meetings of the board, and letters from the president called their attention to the steadying hand of the Honorable Mr. Mancuso, protecting the interests of the customers.

Then the City Trust Company collapsed, and it became clear at once that all of its operations were pursued in the shade. Today's dividends were drawn from tomorrow's new investments. In the tenements, where the widows and the orphans were wiped out, there were wailing and bitter oaths of revenge. The Bar Association investigated the connection which Judge Mancuso had enjoyed with the company. Their question was: "Is he the dupe of clever manipulators, or was he an accessory to their schemes, knowing what they were about all the time?" Before this question could come to a decision, Judge Mancuso resigned from the bench and the matter was dropped.

"You know, it's a funny thing, but I once had some playing cards with backs like these."

HIS HONOR JUDGE VITALE was more surely a child of his times than Judge Mancuso. His friends were the people of Broadway, and the gong struck for him when a banquet which he attended in the Bronx was held up by seven young men. The news of the holdup made it clear that Judge Vitale had curious friends, and the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court undertook an investigation. They quickly learned that Vitale had borrowed twenty thousand dollars from Arnold Rothstein, giving his note of hand in exchange. And they remembered the case of Fawcett. This Fawcett was captured by police while he was running away from a shop that had been robbed. The propri-

Pour Noël



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etor of the shop said sixty dollars had been stolen. Fawcett had sixty dollars in his pocket. Vitale dismissed the case after a brief hearing.

But the Appellate Division did not consider the Fawcett case, nor any other detailed transaction when they removed Vitale from the bench. They said it was "improper for a judge of criminal cases to be indebted to a known figure of the underworld such as Arnold Rothstein."

THE Honorable Mr. Vause was a county judge in Brooklyn, and his friends were the little people of Wall Street. The Federal District Attorney discovered that he had a deep interest in the Columbia Finance Corporation, which was selling stock in a new bonanza, and filed charges against him. Vause was convicted in Federal Court of using the mails to defraud, and sentenced to a term in the Atlanta Penitentiary. The conviction was appealed, and a second trial is about to begin. He resigned from the bench.

THE Honorable Mr. Ewald, city magistrate, offers us a curious paradox. He was not accused of gaining profits from his job. He was accused of paying out cash to get the job.

His affairs first attracted official notice when his name was observed among the papers dealing with the Cotter Butte Mines Corporation. As this investigation went ahead, other facts concerning Ewald were discovered, and these facts were turned over to District Attorney Crain. It appeared that a few weeks before his appointment by Mayor Walker, Ewald gave ten thousand dollars to District Leader Healy, of Tammany Hall. When he was questioned, he said this was a loan—an unsecured loan, to be sure—and that it was to permit Healy to buy a house. The money was transferred from Ewald's hands to Healy's by a city employee, Tommaney. Most of the sum Ewald raised from his father-in-law. Under the accusation that he had paid

Tammany Hall ten thousand dollars for appointment to the magistrate's bench, Ewald resigned the job. He was indicted and tried, and the jury failed to reach an agreement. His retrial will occur soon.

ANOTHER city magistrate, His Honor Judge Brodsky, currently has his bank account under observation. There is a suggestion—quite unauthenticated as this is written—that he, too, paid for his job.

CITY MAGISTRATE MCQUADE has resigned. A few weeks ago he filed suit against Charles Stoneham and John J. McGraw, officials of the New York Giants baseball club, to recover payment due him as an officer of the club, for services rendered. But there is a section of the law which specifies that no city magistrate may have a business connection in addition to his judicial position, and it was apparent at once that he would be forced to surrender the black robes of his office.

THUS we have a total of one federal judge, one judge of General Sessions, one county judge, and four city magistrates as the figures in the situation. Seven in all—and not enough to get really excited about. There are fifty magistrates, and slightly more than fifty judges of other courts, in New York City. Seven out of a hundred is not very impressive—or is it? And the money involved is really negligible in these days of millions.

To get a little deeper into the situation, and to discover if there are more than seven of our judges who need investigation, the Governor of the State appointed an investigating body. A temporary court was established, with Judge Samuel Seabury presiding, and Isidor Kresel was appointed to conduct the inquiry. This court will render no verdicts, but submit its report and recommendations to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, for formal charges or other steps that might appear necessary.

IT was at the sessions of this temporary court that the discoveries relating to the Women's Court were made, and up to the hour of this report no judicial figure has been seriously involved.

The chief figure in the Women's Court matter is Mr. Acuna. He presented himself—with the confession that he had worked as professional informer

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(stool pigeon in a more gusty lingo) —to the detectives of the Vice Squad. His duty in this trade was to engage the attentions of young women, move with them into a compromising situation, and stand discreetly aside when the police banged in the door. It is his story now that thirty-seven members of the Vice Squad (whom he named and identified in open court) persuaded him to give evidence against young women who really were innocent of any wrongdoing. In short, to frame them.

The virtue of this plan lay in the terror of the accused but innocent girls, who would pay every cent they could find to prevent the conviction that seemed so certain. This money went to the detectives, we are told to believe, and upon its receipt the evidence in the case was hushed up.

Support is afforded for Mr. Acuna by John C. Weston, former prosecutor in the Women's Court. Before Judge Seabury he testified that the detectives frequently gave him a part of the money they received from the accused girls—for which he suppressed evidence in the cases that actually came to trial, and guaranteed an acquittal. But even Mr. Weston made only twenty thousand dollars in seven years. He was approved for his job by the Committee of Fourteen, an organization devoted to the pure administration of justice.

SUMMED up, even in this brief and concentrated manner, the case against Justice seems a little disappointing. After ten years of wandering through the courts of the town, I would have thought everything much worse. Of course, they are still investigating. Any day, now, they may mine out a real, old-fashioned, big-time scandal —something with a couple of million dollars in it—and give us assurance that the race isn't breaking up.

—MORRIS MARKEY

•

In the city's only other collegiate contest, Western Reserve will seek its first victory of the season when it meets Oberlin at League Park. The Red Cats have lost five games to the President of the United States, but will be glad to cooperate with him and with members of the opposite party in the House and Senate in every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country.—*Cleveland News.*

Never mind the welfare of the country; play ball!

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NO. 29: *Casual and poised, a light bouquet.*
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In the year 1910,
On the campus of Washington College,
Chestertown, Md. (founded in 1782),
On a night in May,
A few days before our impending graduation,
Four of us took a vow.
Twenty years from then, we swore,
To the month, to the day, to the very hour,
We should reassemble,
Provided all, by the grace of God, still lived,
And sing another song,
Harmonized for tenor, second tenor, baritone, and bass.

I was the bass
Of that quartet.

Twenty years have passed:
The year 1930 marches to its close.
Have I received memo, tag, or ticket,
Note, letter, call, or telegram,
Or return post card,
Clipped along the edge and perforated down the middle,
Calling me to that reunion?
I have not.
Nor have I sent any.

No doubt this shows
Perjurious bias on the part of us
Who took that vow
On a night in 1910.
If such a charge be laid against me,
I can only plead
Extenuating circumstances
Of the utmost cogency.

It is not that the day has slipped into the mists,
For it could easily be ascertained
By making certain calculations;
Nor is it that I lack the addresses
Of those who took this vow with me.
I do, but of itself that would be no obstacle,
For I am in the newspaper business
And adept at all enterprises dark and sleuthy:
Were it merely a matter of streets and numbers,
I could find them in an hour.

No, I fear the trouble
Is more serious than that.
I have flogged my mind in a diligent manner,
Consulted diaries, notebooks, old picture albums;
Yet I cannot seem to remember
Who any of these gentlemen were.

—JAMES M. CAIN

FLEUR BIENAIMEE

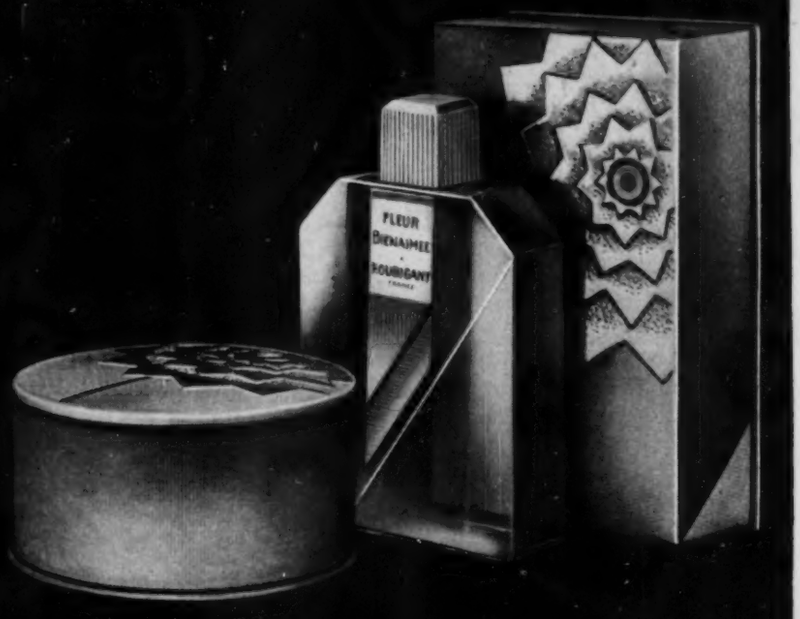
(Beloved Flower)

THE NEWEST PARFUM

by

HOUBIGANT

PARIS



PRESENTED AT SIX, TEN AND EIGHTEEN DOLLARS

PURSE SIZE FLACON ONE DOLLAR

FACE POWDER ONE DOLLAR

THE CORNER—II

REMINISCENCES OF HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA

IT was Willie Hammerstein's idea that no one, however good an act he might have, was important enough to play at the Victoria unless he had a tremendous reputation. Drawing power was more important than talent. That theory brought a lot of people to the vaudeville stage who never would have been on it otherwise. For instance, there was Mrs. Alsop, a young woman who had married an eighty-year-old Atlanta millionaire and who had achieved a great deal of newspaper notoriety by not liking her marital bargain. There was a faint odor of depravity about the affair. That, more than any ability to amuse an audience, got Mrs. Alsop a week's engagement at The Corner.

There was Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who had evil things said about her in England, presumably because she danced at society affairs bare-legged. Such a lapse from British social grace promised great things in an era of rather overlengthy skirts. Lady Constance packed them in at the Victoria, mild lady that she was. There was May Yohe, well known as an actress before her marriage to Lord Hope, better known as the owner of the Hope Diamond than for his nobility. May, true to the popular ideas of stage favorites twenty years ago, divorced her titled husband and his diamond and married Captain Putnam Bradley Strong. Captain Strong did not do so well financially, so May returned to the stage—at the Victoria. Her rather freakish voice, which was mostly top-note, was not enough to bring in any great number of people, so, on the strength of her reputation as a breaker of royal hearts, a little publicity was arranged for her. The stunt has been imitated many times since then. May, with the help of our press department, pawned a few old trinkets, put the tickets in an old handbag, and left it, with a note in her own handwriting saying that she was down on her luck and broke, by the edge of a lake in Central Park, where we were able to arrange its discovery. In the meantime the lady's colored maid had phoned the police to say that she was worried at the absence of her mistress.

Just when we had broken into the headlines, Miss Yohe turned up and naïvely explained that she had been off on a long motor trip and never dreamed that she was missed. She played a pretty fair week at The Corner. That was the way to do it. It was that sort of thing which in its palmy days made the Victoria show a profit of a hundred thousand dollars a year even though there were only a thousand seats in the entire house and prices were not what they are now.

"It is then obvious, ladies, that though we may not all be beautiful, we can all be smart."

IT may seem from these accounts of the attractions which played the Victoria that it was nothing but a glorified dime museum. That wasn't really so. It was just a place where almost anyone could go and find something to entertain him. We did play a lot of museum acts. Morris Gest was largely responsible for them. He was a bright young ticket-speculator on Broadway who managed to get the job of personal representative of Mr. Hammerstein. Morris brought over a Mohammedan named Abd-el-Kadir who claimed that the three other members of his troupe were his wives. It sounded pretty black, and interested the more easily horrified, but I have my doubts about the authenticity of the ladies. Another one of Mr. Gest's importations was a Russian giant named Machnow. Machnow, like some of Morris' later importations, was stupendous, but he wasn't much of an attraction. All he could do was stand on the stage and shake hands with people in the second-tier boxes.

Better than these pure freaks were the engagements of current sporting celebrities. No one ever drew better houses anywhere than Jack Johnson, the big black boy, who was booked for a showing at the Victoria after his knockout of Jim Jeffries in 1910. It was the same thing after Jess Willard knocked out Johnson in 1915, although Willard was never as popular as Johnson. He lacked color. Few even of the present-day followers of prizefighting remember Abe Attell and Leach Cross. I wrote a skit for those two boys. Cross was a dentist when he wasn't a fighter. I called the skit "At the Dentist Shop." I am sorry to have to report that it was a bust.

THOSE were the days of hard-hearted managers, or supposedly hard-hearted. Willie Hammerstein knew how to capitalize that conception of his trade. He had a chance to do so when

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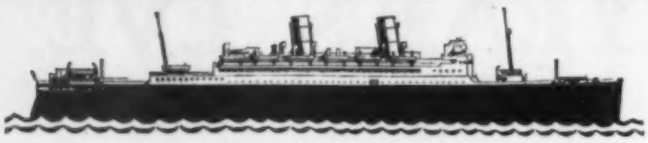

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BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

a stately, very handsome girl named Gertrude Van Dyke came along, telling him that she was the victim of managerial oppression, that although everyone knew she had a beautiful voice no one would give her an engagement. Willie Hammerstein said to her: "All right, Gertrude, you go out and get your name in the papers and I'll book you at the Victoria." Gertrude went, and we gave her a hand. She got hold of a cowgirl costume and a very imposing pure white horse with something of a fancy gait. On this animal she rode up and down Broadway. The horse alone would probably have been sufficient to draw a crowd in these days, but it wasn't then. Gertrude had to add something of her own. She did. When she reached Times Square she opened her mouth and burst into song. As that was at a time when anyone bursting into song was not drowned out by the sound of taxis, trucks, buses, and compressed-air drills, Gertrude attracted a crowd. First it was a little sidewalk crowd, then it was a big Avenue crowd overflowing into the car tracks. That was where we came in. We had fixed it with the nearest traffic cop (for the consideration of two passes to the Victoria) to arrest Miss Van Dyke and her horse for obstructing the traffic. When the crowd had become unruly and was surging back and forth from the building line to the horse's flanks, the cop walked up and did his duty, which included seeing that Gertrude was headed for the lock-up. That meant appearing in the Night Court, to which unhappy place a large portion of the crowd followed.

THOSE who got inside the courtroom were delighted at the ensuing scene. The magistrate asked Miss Van Dyke: "What's the idea?" Miss Van Dyke answered that the idea was to get a job. She came of decent, respectable folks in Denver, she said. Everyone told her, and she knew they were right, that she had a marvellous voice, that she ought to go to New York, where they could use marvellous voices. But what did her talent do for her when she got to New York? Nothing except humiliate her. It had come to seem to her, she said, that no virtuous girl could get a job in the theatres of New York. But Gertrude was not going to yield. She had made up her mind that she would be the first to get a job without succumbing to the importunities of the devilish impresarios. How was she going to do it? Why,

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Bring those dark, green bottles, chilled through and through, to the table. Fill the slim-stemmed glasses slowly. What a delicate, fragrant bouquet! What color—radiant amber! And then for the thrill! Lift the glass to your lips for a sip. Your taste will be aroused instantly by a delicate, mellow flavor that is not matched by any other ginger ale made.

All over the world they will be drinking Canada Dry Ginger Ale on Christmas Day. In regal dining halls . . . in great hotels and the best clubs . . . in countless homes . . . there you will find this Champagne of Ginger Ales. For Canada Dry has the seal of approval of connoisseurs and the patronage of royalty everywhere.

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39 BROADWAY--NEW YORK

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by going out into the centre of the most crowded part of Manhattan's amusement district and letting the crowds hear her voice until they shouted for her. Then the managers would have to give in.

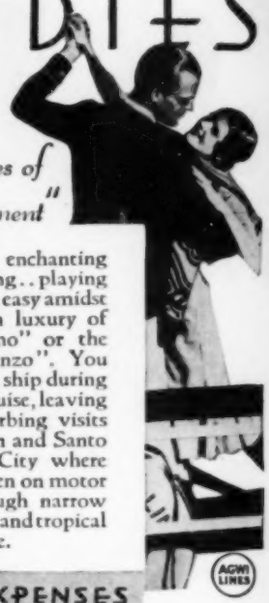
That scene in the Night Court was a front-page story for a week. The sob-sisters of the Sunday supplements interviewed Gertrude till she was exhausted. They printed her story in thousands of words. They printed pictures of her and her family and her home and her horse and everything connected with her. They praised her courage and her womanly integrity.

In the midst of this ballyhoo Willie Hammerstein played his trump card: He posted in front of the Victoria an enormous four-sheet billboard, which read in great letters: "Special Engagement—Gertrude Van Dyke. Mr. Hammerstein is not a Hard Hearted Cold Blooded Manager. He is Willing to Give Any Girl a Chance." The following week Gertrude opened to an unprecedented house. Unfortunately for this story, Gertrude did not live up to her publicity. She had managed to get her audience but she couldn't hold it. She lasted one week only.

ANOTHER way of getting the Victoria talked about struck Mr. Hammerstein when, much to his surprise, a genuine pocketbook full of genuine money to the value of six hundred and sixteen dollars was found in the theatre after one performance. Although we advertised the find no one ever came to claim it—no one, that is, who could substantiate his claim. We puzzled over this for quite a while, not knowing just what to do about it. Mr. Hammerstein didn't feel like using the money for anything personal. He finally concluded, when weeks had passed without the rightful owner turning up, that he would give away the sum to the matinée patrons during a specified week.

We picked out a week when the bill was pretty poor and advertised the event widely. We deposited the money in the Greenwich Bank and made out twenty-eight hundred cheques in amounts chiefly of five and ten cents, with a slight padding of cheques for five, ten, and twenty dollars, just to make it exciting. At every matinée during that golden week the ticket-taker gave a coupon to every third person who entered the theatre. During the performance the ushers went through the audience exchanging the

WEST INDIES



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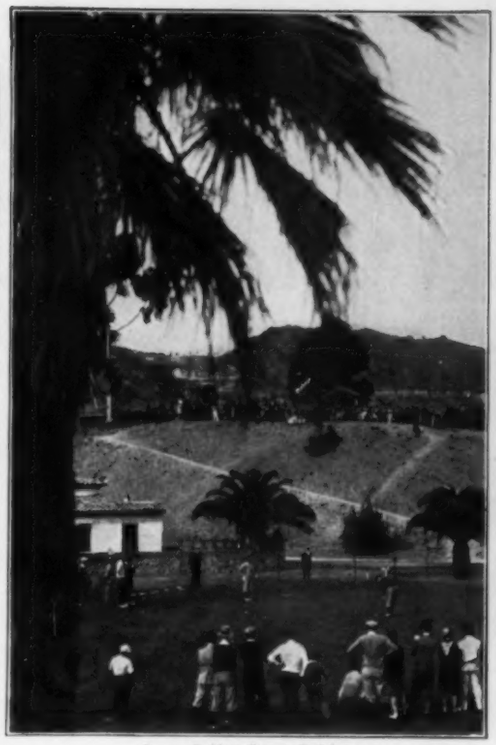
coupons for cheques on the Greenwich Bank. We had, I must confess, a number of plants in the audience who kept exclaiming that they had received cheques for much larger sums than would have been possible. That was just to keep up the excitement. Most of the cheques found their way to the candy counter in the lobby or to nearby saloons, where in those happy days beer could be had for five cents a glass. Curiously enough a great many recipients of these cheques never made any attempt to cash them. They must either have believed that they were no good or have kept them for souvenirs. It would be interesting to know if any of them are in existence today.

ANYONE going over the roster of players who appeared at the Victoria during its comparatively brief existence would be surprised to see the number of names then unknown whose owners have since made their mark on the stage. Among them were Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Orville Harrold, the opera star; Will Rogers, at two hundred dollars a week; Marie Dressler; Larry Semon, then a cartoonist for the *Evening Sun*; Ina Claire, Mae Murray; Buster Keaton, with his father, Joe Keaton; Gertrude Hoffman, Annette Kellerman, Eva Tanguay, and hundreds of others. The skit in which Buster Keaton made his appearance was certainly a rare one. It happened that there was an Italian barber named Sully who had his shop in the old Putnam Building. He was very popular with booking agents, managers, and actors. He was a good-natured fellow and had a good opinion of himself. He always claimed, in spite of the fact that he had been forty years in America without learning to speak comprehensible English, that he was a better actor than any of us. This idea of his got him in for a lot of kidding. All of his customers delighted in playing practical jokes on him. Eddie Leonard, for instance, would come into Sully's shop and insist on having his hair cut with his hat on. Pat Rooney would come in, open Sully's cash drawer, take out a five-dollar bill, and walk out without even looking at the proprietor, who, if he happened to be shaving a customer at the time, was pretty likely to lose the customer. One day as a kind of joke we offered Sully a week's engagement at the Victoria, thinking we could get some good fun out of it. We did. We arranged a skit to be called "Sully's Cabaret Barbershop." (It was during the era when everything



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EDWARD CLINTON FOGG, *Managing Director*

UNITED HOTELS

had to be a cabaret something.) We set the stage with all the regular barbershop fittings, making it look as much as we could like Sully's own shop. Sully could never say that we didn't give him an adequate cast. His support included Joe Keaton, Buster Keaton and his little brother, Jingles Keaton; Dave Conroy, George LeMaire, Harry Fox, Dave Ferguson, Dave Genaro, myself, and others. It was quite a performance and made a big hit. All we did was repeat the antics we were accustomed to go through in Sully's real shop in the Putnam Building. It was just one round after another of rollicking, roaring abuse of poor Sully, who took it all very seriously, not being able to get his mind off the hundred dollars he was to get at the end of the week. It killed all his illusions about acting. After that week Sully decided to remain a barber.

THE Hammerstein family were all very keen theatrical minds. Arthur is still going strong on Broadway. Oscar died in 1919. Willie, the genius of the old Victoria, died in 1914, and the spirit of the place died with him. Arthur tried to keep it going for a while but it wouldn't work. The old-timers missed the hand of Willie. The movies were coming to the foreground and the Palace Theatre, which a few years before had paid the Hammersteins a considerable sum for the privilege of opening in their district, was coming to be recognized as the leading vaudeville house, a thing which never would have come to pass during Willie's lifetime. That was the end.

The final week of the Victoria opened on April 26, 1915, playing all of Willie's old favorites. There were the Althea Twin Sisters, Harry Breen, O'Brien Havel and Company, Solly Lee, one-time doorman at the Victoria; the Exposition Four, Tim McMahon and Edythe Chapelle, Ruby Norton and Sammy Lee, Dainty Marie, Will Rogers, Princess Radjah, Frank Fogarty, Bell and Eva, and a movie by a young man then coming into prominence: Charlie Chaplin, in "Twenty Minutes of Love." After that the doors closed and the movies took over the Victoria. —LONEY HASKELL

(This is the second of two articles on the Victoria.)

•

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LONDON LETTER

London, Dec. 10

OUR education proceeds apace. Sir James Jeans' book, "The Mysterious Universe," has been the best-seller for some weeks, beating all comers handsomely with the exception of the unbeatable Mr. Edgar Wallace, who has sold five hundred and eighty-seven thousand copies of something called "Captain of Souls;" but Mr. Wallace has long ceased to be an author and is now a regrettable modern tendency, like the movies or companionate marriage. Sir James reduces the universe and everything in it to the simple formula of "the square root of minus one." This phrase has displaced even the propriety or otherwise of the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake as a stock topic of polite conversation at dinner parties, and is worrying retired major-generals considerably.

Then there is "The Mystery of Life," a remarkable film edited by Professor Julian Huxley which has been drawing crowded houses at the Alhambra. Its theme is the evolution of man, so it begins way back in the primordial ooze and continues right through the ages to a railway train crossing a bridge somewhere in Germany. There are some pretty telling shots of very early humanity growing gills and a tail, and a remarkable close-up of two devoted snails. The only difficulty in a film of this scope is that clothes are a comparatively recent acquisition of mankind, and as the censor cannot stand too much realism, even from Julian Huxley, the Professor's voice breaks off very oddly now and again, jumps a glacial epoch or two in mid-sentence, and continues abruptly when our ancestors have disappeared behind some convenient bush. In this way he gets through the history of creation in a little under three-quarters of an hour.

The spread of culture is even infecting the ranks of fashion. There is one night club at this moment where the attractions of a cabaret have been displaced by general-knowledge examinations. The band is hushed respectfully, the waiters hand the questions around, and the merrymakers painfully concentrate, motionless and silent, on the name of the nearest planet and the date of the death of Queen Anne.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell says that the theatres are empty, or filled with the laughter of idiots. I would place myself unreservedly on the side of the idiots if I could, but there are times when it is hard even for an idiot to laugh. Take the case of "The River," for instance. This is one of those grimly psychological pieces, all about the Vistula (a most unattractive stream), a young man in a highly neurotic state because he went to the village school, and a young mother who keeps reminding her husband of "the two little bodies in the churchyard." During the first interval, I puzzled over the meaning of the German words in the program, but after an evening of unrelieved gloom, during which the rain lashed unceasingly and the only diversion lay in guessing which (if any) of the characters would ultimately be saved from the angry river, this highbrow was completely shattered and lost all interest in accumulating further culture.

You may be glad to hear that the village-educated youth was swept away by the Vistula; but the tiresome mother is, unhappily, still with us.

IT is always stimulating to witness the passing of an epoch. The law of England has been changed and the new Road Act has come into effect. There is a great deal to be said against it, all of which motorists will doubtless be saying for some time. The appearance of our first motor cycle cops is certainly a mixed blessing; though they are to wear the traditional Bobby's helmet, which should add to the gaiety of the roads. Compulsory automobile insurance presents the companies with a golden opportunity to increase their premiums, and though the speed limit has been abolished, it looks as if speeding will be more expensive than ever. The greatest change is in the tests for driving licenses. One of the criteria of fitness consists in the ability to read a number plate at a distance of twenty-five yards. As a result, the roadway in front of the Royal Automobile Club is filled at all hours with prosperous and astigmatic clubmen shifting their positions and putting monocles on and off. I had no idea rich food and quiet living were so blinding. In addition to this, a series of questions will have to be answered, such as: "Are you subject to periods of unconsciousness?" They are about as invigorating as the demands of the "Are you an anarchist? Are you entering the United States for

AND HAVANA

A POCKET-SIZE ocean voyage — 3 spangled nights, not quite three days that grow bluer as your smart liner drives south . . . All the frills of a round the world cruise—sports, tea on deck, dancing, concerts, wireless news . . . Two of the gayest destinations in the world—Miami and Havana . . . Go for the winter—with summer clothes . . . Or go for a busy man's breathing space that brings you back at the top of your form!

Direct Express Service New York to Miami every Saturday to Dec. 27, thereafter Wednesdays and Saturdays. Connections with overnight steamers Miami to Havana, allowing a gorgeous Florida stop-over for a day on through tickets to Havana. Also sailings New York to Jacksonville (calling at Charleston) every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. All-expense tours to Florida, Havana and other Southern resorts.

Automobiles Carried

Offices: 545 Fifth Avenue, or Pier 36, North River, New York, Boston, 50 Franklin St., Philadelphia, 1001 Chestnut St. and Chicago, 323 Marquette Bldg. or any Authorized Tourist Agent.

CLYDE-MALLORY Lines

introducing . . .

FILET BASQUE

Sport dresses for South and California!

There has been no smarter sports fabric since Balbriggan, which Jay-Thorpe launched many seasons back! Filet Basque, a crisp lisle mesh, has the same way of being so *right* for southern wear that it is sure to make history. Jay-Thorpe offers it exclusively in New York . . in three well-cut models, so inexpensive they'll be ordered by half-dozens!

Jay-Thorpe

FIFTY-SEVENTH ST., WEST
NEW YORK

Crisp, washable. In sun-fast colors: Basque-yellow, green, pink, blue. And, of course, WHITE

the purpose of overthrowing the Government?" order which, I am told, are presented to visitors at Ellis Island, and to all of which G. K. Chesterton once answered: "Yes."

THERE are too many censors in this country. Subscribers to the circulating libraries are apt to be confronted with the information that the book of their choice is a "foul" work and sent away with the latest of the Forsyte series. A. P. Herbert has been getting into great trouble with his "The Water Gipsies" in the correspondence columns of the *Week End Review;* and the Underground Railway has banned the posters for "Her First Affaire," a perfectly innocuous and quite intelligent comedy. The advertising manager of the Strand Theatre is in some ways to blame for this, for he tried the curious experiment of pretending the play was improper, whereas it is not in the least. Hence the letters of fire on the face of the theatre: "As Near Naughty as Dammit." And hence the crowds of baffled businessmen tearfully drinking at the bar, because they had come expecting naughtiness and had been given something they must have found awfully difficult to understand. This is a nightly phenomenon well worth the price of admission.

The only other theatrical abnormality I have to record happened at Covent Garden some nights ago. While one of the dances was in progress, the conductor of the jazz band saw a vague shape issue from the top of the proscenium, resolve itself into the figure of Siegfried, float out over the heads of the dancers, and finally disappear in the shadows of the deserted balcony. The conductor dropped his baton, and the music straggled to an untimely end. Psychic researchers had to decide whether this was the ghost of Wagner fleeing from the jazz or the ghost of Wagner jubilating over the opera subsidy which, curiously enough, Mr. Snowden had that very day announced in Parliament. The explanation that it was the shadow of a helmeted fireman who happened to be passing through the hall was a disappointment all around.

—A. G.

•

ALL KINDS of concrete work done, leaky basements repaired. Chas. Lindbergh, Phone 807-W.—*Adv. in Port Angeles (Fla.) News.*

Could you cement some relations in our living-room?

Swiftly, daily, watch your skin grow younger

PORES FINER. . . . .
TISSUES FIRMER . .
TEXTURE LOVELIER

with just <u>one</u> satiny cream

THAT WASHES AWAY

Bitter winds that roughen and sting . . . hot dry rooms that suck the precious moisture from your skin . . . how can you keep it young and soft and fresh . . . its petal-smooth texture safe till Spring again?

Really it's very simple. You don't need complicated treatments—you don't need a shelf-ful of bottles—you *do* need one crystal jar of Pinaud's wonderful Cream, and a little persistence to back up your good intentions. For Pinaud has packed into every ounce of this new Cream elements that set to work like a corps of experts the minute you smooth it on. First melting deep into the pores and gently "floating" the dirt to the surface—then suppling the tissues with swiftly-absorbed oils —then, as you splash on plain clear water, *dissolving and washing away!*

A complete scientific "facial" every day of your life . . . is it any wonder that devotees of this new French treatment are so enthusiastic? Enlarged pores, freed of their clogging accumulations, contract normally. Dry tissues are soothed and suppled to velvet-softness. Sluggish circulation is quickened to new life. Don't let another day go by without the protection, the swift efficient help, the actual rejuvenation, that only Pinaud's Cream can give. Pinaud, Paris—New York.

© PINAUD, 1930

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

DONDER AND BLITZEN

IF our sighs of relief happen to be so gusty that they come to you even through the cold type, it is all because this is our last appearance this year. We are proud of ourselves, but weary. The department that follows is concerned principally with those here-today-and-gone-tomorrow things that solve so many problems, both now and throughout the year: Flowers, candies, groceries, and such, so perishable and so nice.

Before we really begin, we want to remind you of the Decorative Plant Company, 230 Fifth Avenue, which has endless Christmas greenery and tinsel. Look at: Tinsel paper stars that open out like star lanterns —silver, gold, red; all sizes. Artificial trees, table and floor sizes, in dazzling white, and some with red berries. White ropes and garlands to match trees. Wreaths, ropes, and branches of natural Christmas greens, preserved to last indefinitely. Gold and silver grape and fruit clusters, for the table or a big tree. And more and more; an idea on every counter.

Also: Gimbel has opened a Christmas-decoration section in its Plant and Bulb Shop, eighth floor. Specialty: Table centres with candles springing from flat clumps of real holly, laurel, etc.—very effective. And lots of branches and sprays of various evergreenery in a natural state, to provide that Christmas smell.

We have now had our say about:

November 1 . . . Christmas cards, luggage, and monograms.
November 8 . . . Photographers, art and such, frames and framers, lingerie and boudoir froufrous, and miscellaneous orders.
November 15 . . . Assistants and helpers, caterers, entertainers, children's parties, radios, phonographs and records, radio cabinets, and domestic animals and their accessories.
November 22 . . . For children—Part I, perfumes and such, and haberdashers.
November 29 . . . For children—Part II, children's clothes, jewelry, semiprecious jewelry, men's jewelry, and tips on mailing and expressing.
December 6 . . . The big bewildering stores, and for the house.
December 13 . . . Miscellaneous shops, beauty houses, for the drinker and the smoker, leather things and sports equipment, cameras and games, gifts that last, gift wrappings, and brain waves.

This week we finish up in a grand splurge with:

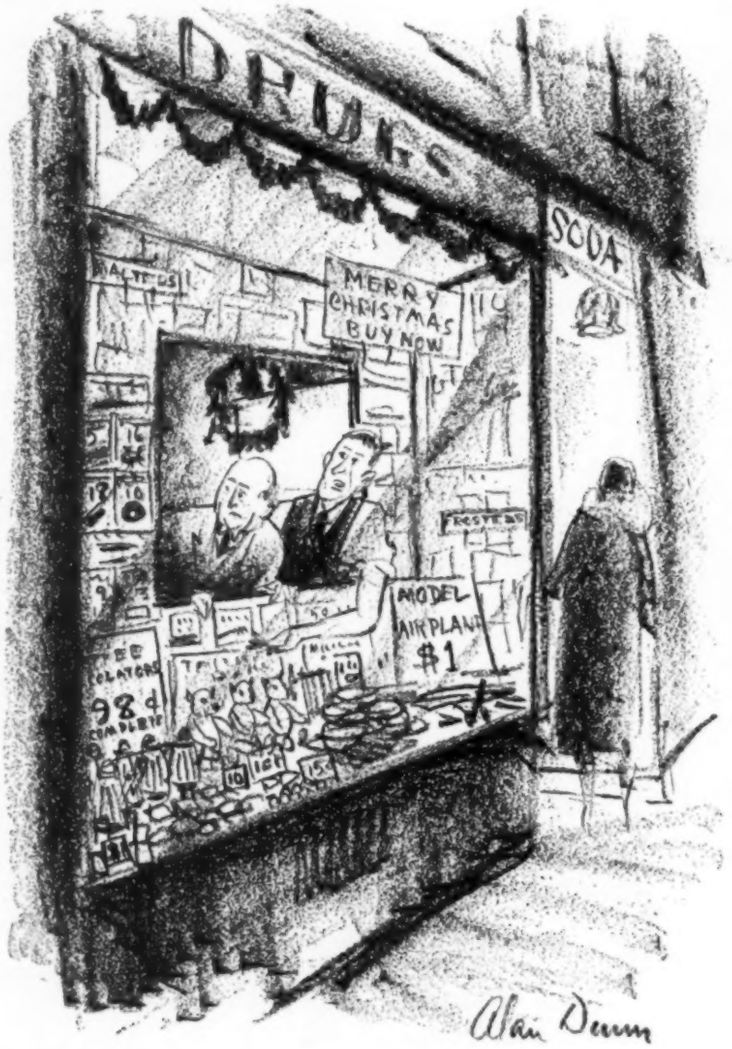
Christmas eatables, below.
The Village Main Street, page 59.
The florist, page 60.
The tree, page 61.
More brain waves, page 63.

CHRISTMAS EATABLES

HIDE your Hollywood diet before you look at this list, which ought to make your mouth water, your lips smack, and—ultimately—your weight rise by five pounds:

CHARLES & COMPANY, 48 East Forty-third Street: Green-turtle soup with sherry. Pork pies in tins. Baked Virginia hams. Imported Scotch kippers. Welsh rarebit in glass jars. English plum puddings in bright-colored bowls. Strawberries in brandy. Lots of pretty cordials which only need a little encouragement to make them quite authentic. Many other specialties.

H. HICKS & SON, 675 Fifth Avenue: Holland candied ginger in jars. All kinds of jams, jellies, and mincemeat in glass jars. Every kind of nut. Apricots stuffed with almonds; sugared dates stuffed with walnuts. Pickled



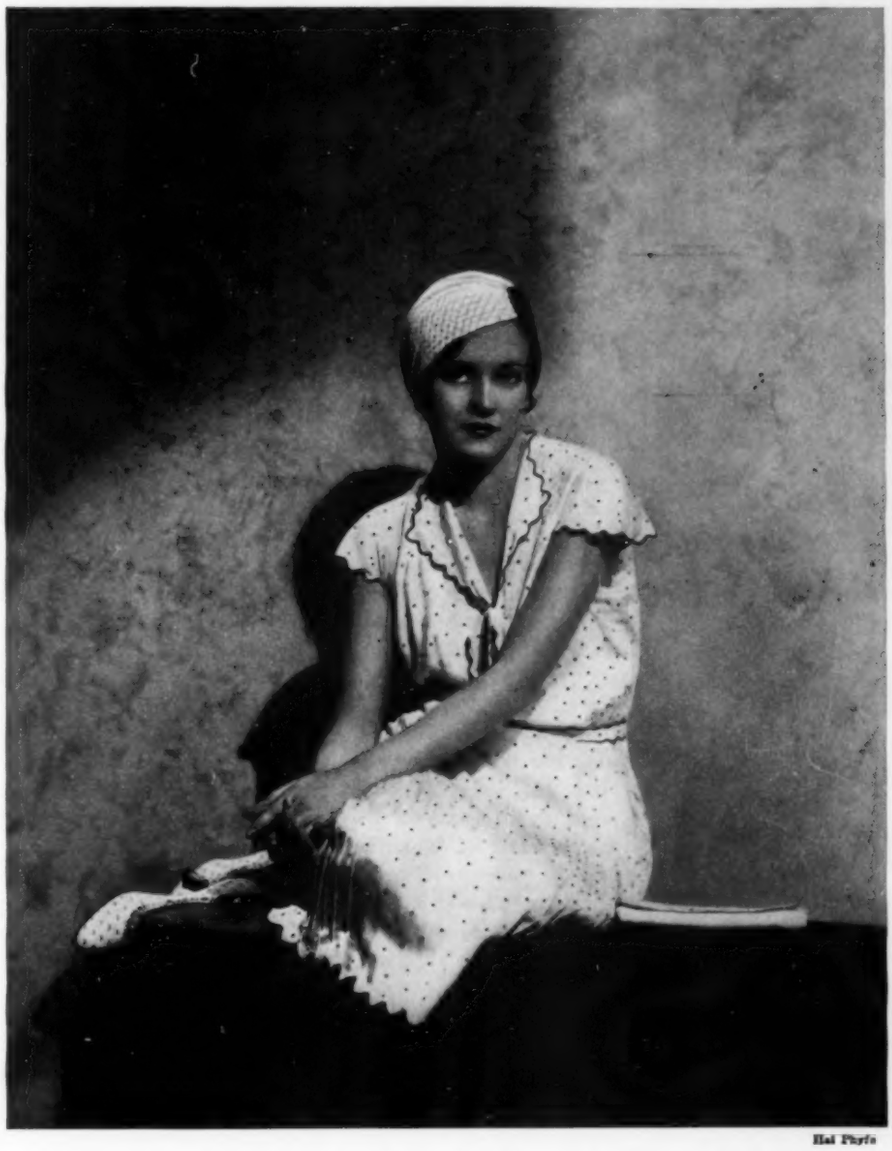
"We could squeeze in that Holy Family display over in the corner there but it would mean sacrificing three percolators."

☆

An Impression

of Winter summer-days

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN....ON THE PLAZA



Hal Phyfe

Simply quantities of these little sleeveless silk frocks go into every south-bound trunk ... Bergdorf Goodman have a wide range, handmade in France, each with a touch of saucy Gallic charm. This one is oyster white, with brown embroidered dots, cap sleeves, matched linen shoes, and wool lace hat. From the current collection for California, the South, or the sea islands.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

COTY

PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH

Finer, smoother—you use but a single coat

COTY, the perfume genius of the world, has completely eliminated *all* chemical odors from the manicure.

The gentler, finer manicure ingredients of Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish are blended with a delicate Coty Perfume to harmonize with your own perfume.

With Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish *a single coat* grooms your fingertips with a flattering, natural, perfumed brilliance. Better brushing qualities give a clearer, more natural lustre that lasts and lasts. There is never any of the artificial, over-coated appearance discriminating women dislike. This polish will not chip, peel or make the nails brittle.

Four shades: Clear, Medium, Deep, or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. At the better shops everywhere.

The test below proves that Coty Polish does not become unusable through evaporation the way ordinary polishes do.

After six days of exposure to the air ordinary polishes became gummy and practically solid.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish tested the same way remained fluid—easy to spread and dried quickly on the nails.

pears and peaches. Baskets of fresh fruits.

S. KUWAYAMA & COMPANY, INC., 76 West Forty-seventh Street: Looks like a Japanese art shop; the groceries are in the rear. Nice crisp and salty things to eat with cocktails; seaweed crackers, sweet rice crackers. Bamboo sprouts. Roasted soy-bean nuts in tins. Litchi nuts. Preserved persimmons. Pickled ginger, sour and salty: a lovely red in color. Sweet pickled prunes. Pickled eggplant.

MACY, Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway: In the grocery department they have delicacies from every part of the world, and a map to prove it. Danish liver paste, Italian antipasto, Norwegian *brisling* sardines in olive oil, Riga smoked sprats, English fish pastes, and so on. Also special Christmas assortments: Food baskets filled with pâté de foie gras, marrons, fish paste, and other luxuries. Some baskets with plum puddings, salted nuts, crystallized ginger, figs and dates, assorted crackers.

MAISON E. H. GLASS, 15 East Forty-seventh Street: All sorts of imported luxuries. Hors d'œuvre in glass. Fish pastes in tubes, for making canapés. Also Swiss cheese in tubes. Stuffed guinea hens in tins. Pâté de foie gras in crocks; can't possibly spoil. Fresh stuffed goose breast, best at this season. All kinds of sausage. Very large almonds and pecans, freshly salted. Almond cookies and chocolate oak leaves here are heavenly.

PARK & TILFORD, all over town: New cocktail wafers: crème de menthe and anchovy flavors (not, thank Fortune, in the same wafer). Elegant truffles. Fruit cake well soaked in brandy (legal). Sparkling white or red grape juice. Pitted black cherries. Rum and coffee—swell. All kinds of cheeses to finish off the feast.

PLUMBRIDGE, 21 East Sixty-fifth Street: Gift baskets and boxes containing the specialties for which this house is famous. Leaf ginger, stem ginger, dates stuffed with nuts or marrons, apricots stuffed with nuts, and so on.

REUBEN'S, 622 Madison Avenue: Such a delicatessen! Specialties: Stuffed whole geese; all kinds of roasted game; Strassburger pâté de foie gras; Stilton and Cheddar cheese flavored with port; giant asparagus.

LOUIS SHERRY, 695 Madison Avenue: Baskets with complete Christmas dinner, including roast turkey or roast ham. Plum puddings with two kinds of sauce. Fruit cake from the Diamond-and-a-Half Ranch. Pâté de chocolat. From the order department, everything: chicken à la king, lobster Newburg, all the things it takes a French chef to cook.

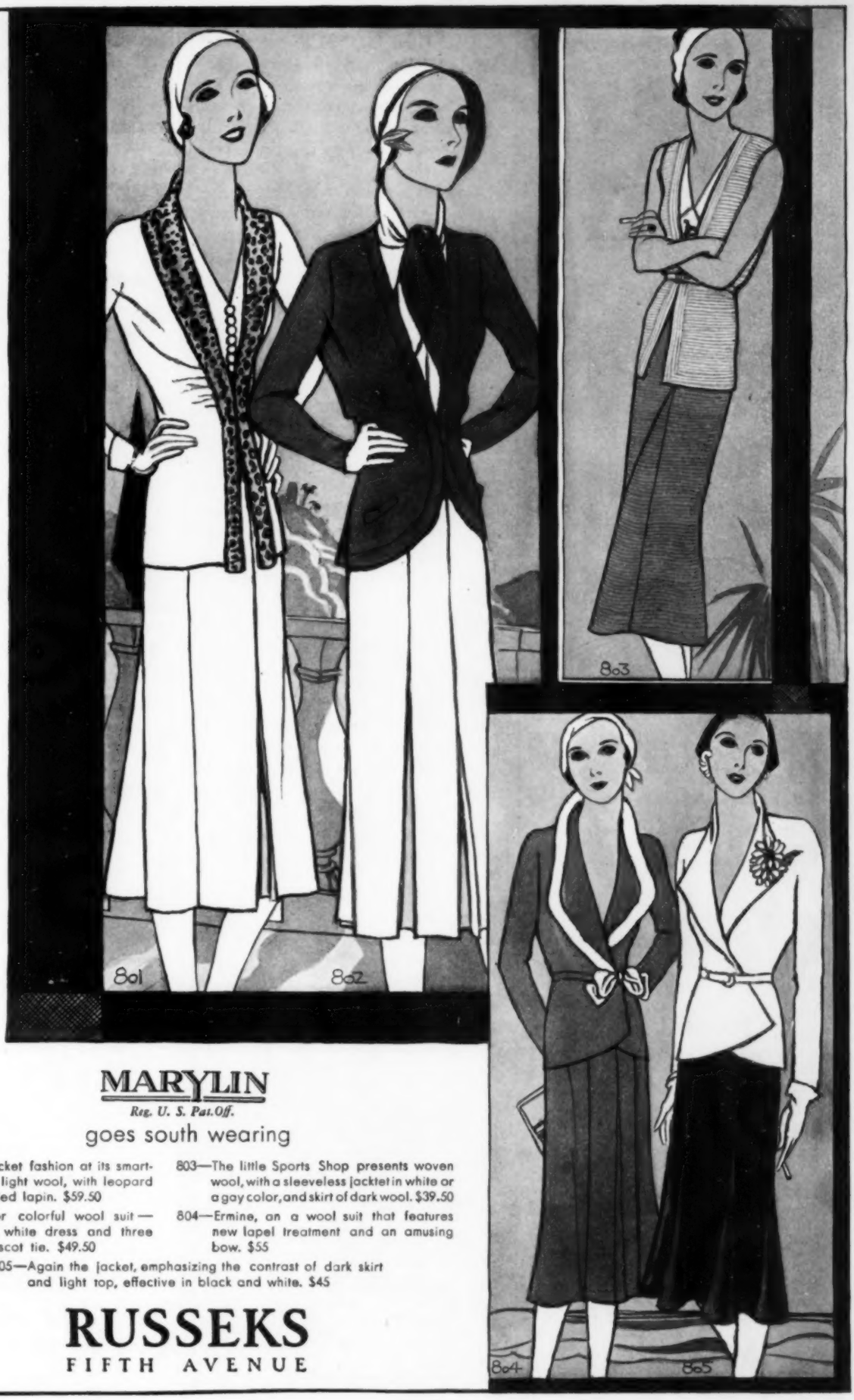
VENDÔME TABLE DELICACIES, INC., 18 East Forty-ninth Street: Does all kinds of classic French cooking on order, with the right flavoring. Also, in the *charcuterie* department they have semi-cooked dishes all ready to be heated up in your own oven, or chilled in your own icebox, as the case may be. Chicken paprika, in individual casseroles. Scallops in shells. Snails, too. Eggs stuffed with caviar. Galantine of ham, chicken, and tongue. Roasted game.

WYNNE & TREANOR, 712 Madison Avenue: Caviar, fresh lobsters, clams, and oysters are their specialties. Also, they make fresh green-turtle soup and terrapin stew to order. Tell them in the morning what you want and it's delivered hot and steaming in time for dinner. Maybe this is a Christmas note and maybe not, but you ought to know about it.

WE are fairly dauntless in spirit, after our fashion, but to attempt to cover all the known kinds of candy is too large an order. We wouldn't undertake it, even for you. Standard brands like Maillard, Huyler, Louis Sherry, Page & Shaw, and Schrafft are household words, anyway; Whitman offers a variety of packages and flavors. It is still, to boot, next to impossible to give anything nicer of its kind than a good big box of Park & Tilford's chocolates. None of this is news, but we like to remind people about things.

Certain foreign candies are possibly less familiar to you: such dainties as the Droste chocolates, from Holland and unusually good, $2 a pound; Amieux Frères' Bonbons, $2.25; the Colbee Candidor Chocolats Variés, which are very nice, in $2 and $4 chests. Charles & Company, 48 East

FOR THE SOUTHLANDS



MARYLIN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

goes south wearing

801—The jacket fashion at its smartest, in light wool, with leopard stencilled lapin. $59.50

802—Another colorful wool suit—jacket, white dress and three tone Ascot tie. $49.50

803—The little Sports Shop presents woven wool, with a sleeveless jacktet in white or a gay color, and skirt of dark wool. $39.50

804—Ermine, on a wool suit that features new lapel treatment and an amusing bow. $55

805—Again the jacket, emphasizing the contrast of dark skirt and light top, effective in black and white. $45

RUSSEKS

FIFTH AVENUE

Even people who have everything have to eat!

Why not give a

GIFT BASKET?

$4.96

Crepes dentelles, 2 lb. Plum Pudding, salted nuts, Marceau figs and dates, crystallized ginger, Keiller's creme de menthe, Malaga cluster raisins.

$9.34

Salted nuts, crystallized ginger, glace marrons, Yorkhouse Plum Pudding, lebkuchen, Marceau dates, Yorkhouse jam, 2 Bar Le Duc, Stuffed oranges, Peak Frean assorted shortcake.

$13.89

Salted nuts, glace marrons, 2 lb. Yorkhouse Plum Pudding, Marceau figs and dates, Yorkhouse jam, lebkuchen, crystallized ginger, Romary ginger nuts, Peak Frean assorted biscuits, fruit cake, Melba peaches.

And other prices also

FIFTH FLOOR

MACY'S

34th Street & Broadway, New York

Forty-third Street, have all of these. National Humidor, 521 Fifth Avenue, has the delectable Verlaine chocolates at $4 a pound and worth it. Other places have importations, too, but it would take all the fun out of Christmas shopping if we were to tell you everything.

A few more sweet specialties, before we start to list some little individual candy-mongers whose wares strike us as worthy: Sweetheart Sweets, at Gimbel, Bloomingdale, drugstores, and the irrepressible Charles & Company; notable because they don't leave you with that sweetish aftertaste, besides being remarkably good candy. Honey Maid candies, recommended by their makers to people on reduction diets, because they are made with honey instead of sugar; at Franklin Simon. Bagatelle candies, the pride and joy of Saks-Fifth Avenue (among others) and admittedly one of the best: nuts, fruits, caramels, and creams, each more exciting than the other.

And now:

ANNE'S CANDY SHOP, 793 Lexington Avenue: A child's dream of heaven. All kinds of homemade candies, and salted nuts. (Also small wooden toys for Christmas stockings.)

ARCADIA TEA ROOMS, Grand Central Terminal: Chocolate animals, cigars, alphabets, all sorts of things.

BAUMGARTEN CONFECTIONS, 8 East Forty-seventh Street: Imported chocolates in bizarre tin boxes, and plain chocolates covered with bright tinfoil. Also nice clusters of hard-candy grapes.

EMMA BRUNS, 50 East Fifty-eighth Street: Famous for salted nuts, and all kinds of candies, jellies, and pickles.

This English Russet Cowhide 26" Revelation Suitcase with Sesamee Lock, only..... **$35.**

The "DALEKIT" for men and women

A collapsible oiled, silk-lined toilet kit; waterproof pocket for sponge or wash cloth. Pigskin and Morocco leather. Black, brown, green, red or blue. Size 9" x 6" x 3". With your initials. Only.... **$10.**

DALE FOLDING CANE

Genuine English Malacca folding cane, regulation size, neatly packed in genuine leather case. A very useful Christmas Gift. Only.... **$15.**

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

DALE

MODERN LUGGAGE WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK

SESAMEE

369 Madison Ave., (nr. 46th St.) N.Y.C.

a *Lifetime* GIFT that remains a constant pride and joy is a Steelart Bridge Set. Colorful as Christmas, lasting as a steel skyscraper and modern as the latest French model. No need to worry about what to give her. Select a Steelart Set. Your reward will be a note of enthusiastic thanks and not just a few polite phrases. Phone Wisconsin 7910 for names of New York stores. Lyon Metal Products, Incorporated, Aurora, Illinois.

LYON

STEELART

Furniture

Fancy boxes filled to order. Horns-of-plenty for parties.

ADOLPH BÜCHLER, 814 Lexington Avenue: French chocolates freshly made on the premises, fancy bonbons, candied mint leaves, crystallized violets. Misers' bags of gold-coin chocolates.

HENRY HALASZ, 160 West Seventy-third Street: Gerbeaud's bonbons, from Budapest and newly introduced to America, where they will undoubtedly be a sensation, being toothsome Continental concoctions.

MAPLE GROVE PRODUCTS, 206 West Fifty-seventh Street: You've guessed it. All pretty fine, especially the maple cream for frosting and waffles.

MARKÉ CONFECTIONS, Apartment 6-B, 590 West End Avenue: Marvellous new creations using preserved ginger, candied cherries, and such. Sugared nuts, stuffed raisins. Put up in very dressy boxes and on bright trays.

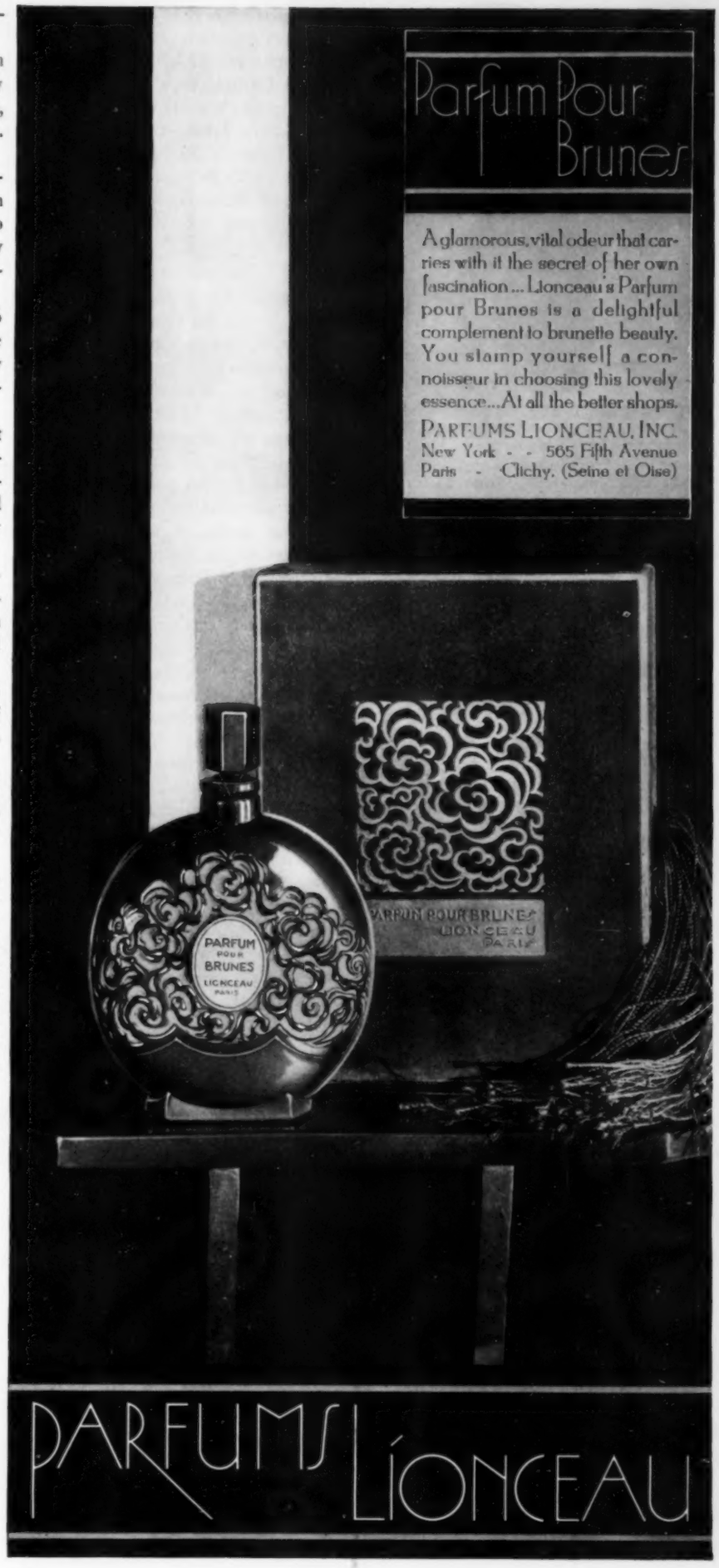
ALICE H. MARKS, 19 East Fifty-second Street: Baskets of fruits. Special candies: Dutch chocolates (which aren't very sweet), caramel-covered coconut bars, caramel strips.

MEXICAN CANDY COMPANY, 215 West Twentieth Street: All kinds of nut candies. Specialty: A luscious pecan praline.

PHILLIPS SISTERS: Their small French chocolates, all hand-dipped, may be ordered from Reuben's. One day for orders.

PLAYLAND GIFT SHOP, 686 Madison Avenue: Good goodies in a toy shop. Double-decked tray filled with your own selection from what they have, or your choice by the pound of cookies with caraway seeds (grand for cocktails), spicy *Lebkuchen* slabs with thick white frosting, mints wrapped up to look like radishes, meltingly delicious chocolate-covered caramel sticks.

MRS. JEAN RILEY, 290 Steinway Avenue, Astoria, Long Island (Newtown 7400, evenings only): This lady


Parfum Pour Bruner
A glamorous, vital odeur that carries with it the secret of her own fascination... Lionceau's Parfum pour Brunes is a delightful complement to brunette beauty. You stamp yourself a connoisseur in choosing this lovely essence... At all the better shops.
PARFUMS LIONCEAU, INC.
New York - - 565 Fifth Avenue
Paris - Clichy. (Seine et Oise)
PARFUM POUR BRUNES
LIONCEAU
PARIS
PARFUMS LIONCEAU

THE MOVIE DIRECTOR WEPT WHEN HE SAW THESE BATHROOMS. We mean, of course, in envy.

And yet, gorgeous bathrooms are only one of the many exceptional features in this newest Park Avenue 19-story apartment building. Perhaps the most exceptional of all are the low rentals.

1, 2, 3 and 4 room housekeeping apartments with complete kitchens. Many apartments with terraces. Hotel service available.

Ready for immediate occupancy. Renting agent on premises.

7 PARK AVENUE

NORTHEAST CORNER 34TH STREET

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC. • *Agents*

660 Madison Ave. *Tel.* Regent 6600

Managed by the Owners — V. GREEN CO.

Do Your Christmas Shopping at the most fascinating shop

THE

RUSSIAN BAZAAR

618 FIFTH AVENUE

(Between 49th & 50th Sts.)

a complete line of unique articles, imported from all sections of Russia, such as:

Hand Embroidered Linens, Hand Carved Toys, Peasant Dressed Dolls, Miniature Palekh Boxes, Hand Painted Wooden Lacquer Ware, Famous Russian Samovars, Hand Embroidered Smocks, Russian Cigarettes, China, Candy, Hand Enameled Silver Ware, Hand Painted Boxes, etc.

Sold At Very Reasonable Prices

makes perfectly delicious candies at sixty cents a pound. Special Christmas three-pound box; $2.50. Deliveries on order in Greater New York, and you are taking no chances; the stuff is good.

WELLBY, LTD., GIFT SHOP, 57 East Fifty-sixth Street: That famous Mullane's Taffy from Cincinnati; pale green dinner mints and Munich mints.

THAT would be the end, if it weren't for Bleecker Street, the fruitful downtown thoroughfare about which we forthwith append a few notes and directions.

Starting at Seventh Avenue and working east to West Broadway (or vice versa; it's as confusing either way) you can pick up virtually any imaginable kind of Italian table delicacy, and at prices that send you away full of the glow that comes of a good bargain. Both sides of the street are lined with windows full of Italian cheeses hung in skins, salami, and bologna wrapped in colored tinfoils and strung up in rows, bottles of imported cordials and tonics —one of the stores even has a window piled high, at the moment of writing, with wild duck, pheasant, and antlered deer carcasses, for thwarted hunters (F. Bartolucci & Brother, No. 175). G. Gamberi's pastry shop, No. 262, has all sorts of Italian candies: the sweet and bitter chocolate bits wrapped with coy mottoes; those blocks of nut fondants in all flavors, covered with wafer-thin pastry to protect the fingers while eating; the hard candies filled with sticky jellies. Permiciaro Brothers, at No. 243, have a big window all set out with molded chocolate figures, marvellously conceived and covered with the inevitable colored tinfoil—fruits, musical instruments, animals, bells, balls, Santa Claus figures, lots of others—grand for stockings and tree decorations. The proprietor will tell you they are really only for display, but he'll sell. Inside are more wonders: foot-high figures of dancing maidens, shy lovers, and all the old horrors, done in sugar paste and painted in astounding colors; $1.25 and $1.50; for cock-eyed party tables. Also at this shop, the biggest almond-paste fruits and vegetables you ever saw: squash, prickly pears, etc., lifesize and eighty cents a pound, which sounds

LENTHÉRIC'S MIRACLE IN A REGAL FLACON OF BACCARAT CRYSTAL—$25

A Gift FROM THE Lenthéric SALON

At the Fifth Avenue Salon of Lenthéric of Paris you will find an elaborate assortment of unusual gift suggestions for the Christmas season. Swedish glass, etched and signed by the artist; unique flacons by Rene Lalique; regal Baccarat crystal containers all filled with exquisite Lenthéric perfumes. Many of these importations are individual creations and no duplicates are available. Prices range from $2 to $250.

741 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK AT THE SAVOY PLAZA

"Un petit peu de Paris dans New York"

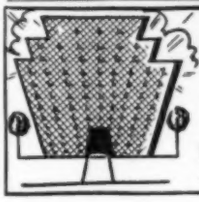
MARIO JEREZ

New York's Permanent Wave Authority

Wishes to Announce the Opening of his Salon at

50 EAST 57TH STREET

Telephone: Plaza 3777



THE SUTTON

a residential hotel for women

Rates $12.50 up

328 East 56th Street

New York PLAZA 3940

Every room a living room

cheap enough until you realize that three or four make a pound.

That gives you a working idea. Take your market basket, don't trip over the pushcarts, and go at night if you like; they all stay open late. —H. L.

THE VILLAGE MAIN STREET

WITH a last wide, free gesture, we offer you all of West Eighth Street to shop in, literally until the last moment because practically all of these Village stores stay open late into the evening.

You know West Eighth Street: it starts at Fifth Avenue and ends at Sixth, concentrating enough commerce in this brief space to keep any three normal blocks going. The trick lies in picking your way to the good places before you strike the arte gifte shoppes and go away mad. With the furtherance of this end in mind, we give you (Heaven help us!) another list:

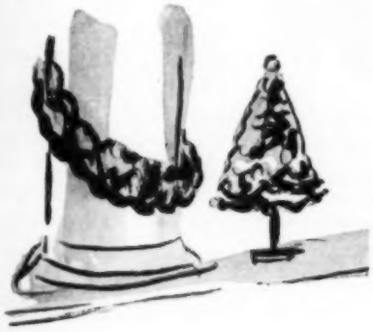
BONBONNIÈRE D'ARNAUD, No. 42: Homemade sweets in a basement shop—candied fruits and peels, nuts, bonbons, and old-fashioned candies, like peanut brittle. All good.

BRUCE BUTTFIELD, No. 21 (not open evenings): The very charming Victoriana at this place was discussed in a previous list ("For the House," December 6 issue). This notice is, therefore, simply a reminder.

FLORENCE'S LINGERIE, INC., No. 52: A lingerie shop of taste and ingenuity, with wares running from the practical everyday sort of thing to handmade finery and specially designed teagowns, all of it very nice. Also, feminine and frilly negligees; tailored pajamas; handkerchiefs; soaps and perfumes; evening bags; handbag trinkets.

JULIA E. KUTTNER, No. 58: American antiques, in the main. Occasional china of a very superior nature, and lovely old jewelry. Many small decorative objects with the stamp of age upon them.

LA FIESTA-INDIAN TRADING POST, No. 38: Mexican and American Indian arts and crafts—some serious, some



LIGHT WEIGHT WOOLENS

at FIFTH AV AT 57TH ST

Dobbs

FOLLOW THE SUN TO ITS SMARTEST HAUNTS

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TUESDAY—the day when the philosopher of Laputa, after spending eight years on a project of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers (which were to be put in phials, hermetically sealed and let out to warm the air in cold inclement summers)

became hungry and ate the cucumbers — ultra violet rays and all—thus prognosticating the current fashion of irradiated foods. Tuesday is also the day when The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers serve a musical dinner, full of Sunshine Vitamins, over WABC at 8:45 p. m.

F. H. Leggett & Co., Inc.
Premier Food Products

just nonsense, but all interesting. Lots of variety, as follows:

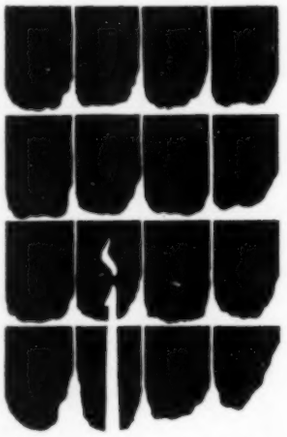
Decorative bits: Hand-wrought iron smoking stands, two styles—elongated rabbit, long-legged burro; $25. Black polished pottery, very handsome. Mexican glass—lovely smoky shades of amber, amethyst, dark blue, and aquamarine; finger bowls, plates, tumblers, everything. Hanging bunches of wildly colored tropical fruits, twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents each, some pottery, some made of gourds, the bunches made up in your own selection of fruit pieces. Painted clay animals: purple spotted cows, pink horses, etc. Gourd bowls and plates. Indian rugs and throws. Pottery lamps with goatskin shades. Baskets.

Jewelry: Indian turquoise and silver pieces, old and modern. Handsome bracelets. Really unusual collection.

For children: Gourd animals—silly fish and other creatures made of gourds, painted. Pommawanga, an old Indian ring-toss game. Painted clay pigs, nice to give with Elizabeth Morrow's book, "The Painted Pig." Handmade miniature pottery dishes, ten and fifteen cents; for doll's-houses. Little shepherds and flocks, for the *crèche*. Mexican thong sandals. Stocking toys from five cents upward.

Shop open until 10 P.M., and from three to eight on Sundays.

ESTHER MARKHAM, No. 19: A modern shop, featuring Nura—lithographs, ceramic sculpture, and even Christmas cards, in the naïve Nura manner. Also, amusing silver-lustre tidbits for the table; glassware; liqueur and cocktail sets; small modern furniture pieces; lamps; crazy animals; small rugs.



ST. THERESE LITTLE FLOWER SHOP, No. 53: The Greenwich Village Flower Girl's place, where you will find not only tasteful cut flowers and growing plants, but a special sachet made of dried flowers, the odor of which would delight any dainty lady with a cherished linen-chest.

SAKURA GARDEN, No. 35: Japanese table gardens, small potted plants, sprouting leaves in animal pots, etc., etc. Pleasant casual gifts for ladies with window gardens.

WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP, No. 27: Decorative maps; prints; glassware; large stock of Christmas cards and wrappings. To say nothing of books, which include new and good ones in French for young scholars.

BESIDES all these, there are Italian and Japanese antique shops, where numberless small gifts are to be had for the browsing; the Brevoort Pharmacy (No. 23), which carries the better-known cosmetics, creams, lotions, and perfumed soaps; delicatessen shops lined with canned and bottled delicacies; and innumerable sell-out stores called Bo-Do Shops, where, with some discretion and a lot of luck, people have been known to acquire small decorative objects more or less worth having. This last, however, is up to you, and don't blame us for anything that may happen. —B. B.

THE FLORIST

FAR be it from us to suggest flowers as a last-minute thought, for who can have last-minute thoughts after all our efforts during the past weeks? The fact remains, though, that flowers do make an admirable solution of that tagging-along-at-the-end problem; and for that matter, they are always a gracious and welcome gift, even for the first person on the Christmas list you made many weeks ago.

Which brings us down to the fact that there are listed below a very few of the many dependable florists about town. They are all artists in coloring and arrangement; we have merely tried to list some of their very special specialties for the Christmas season:

CHARLES H. BROWN, 484 Park Avenue: Large assortment of flowers, and vases in Osmite colorings to harmonize with your selection. Osmite vases are exclusive here and make grand Christmas gifts.

BUNYARD, 413 Madison Avenue: Those old favorites, American Beauty roses, are back, and the prices are lower than formerly. Other beauties, too.

DARDS, 339 Madison Avenue: Nice boxes of assorted flowers for $5. Telegraph orders carefully filled.

M. GOLDFARB, 160 East Fifty-seventh Street: Unusual Japanese gardens. Christmas centrepieces a specialty. Large, colorful poinsettias. Artistic baskets to meet every purse. They have good suggestions here, if you feel uncertain.

THE GREENHOUSE, 62 East Thirty-

New Year's Eve

In the Terrace Restaurant of the Hotel New Yorker . . . Heidt's music and entertainment plus supper in the lavish New Yorker manner.

Tickets $15.00 per person; address Mr. Goetz, Maître d'Hôtel.

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The week-end or longer
Unusual collections of Americana in an Eighteenth Century setting.
In the Galleries—Paintings by Carl Schmitt until January 5th
Telephone Norwalk 2300

fourth Street: Attractive cut flowers and plants at conservative prices.

IRENE HAYES, Park Avenue and Forty-seventh Street: The boxes of assorted flowers, charming in themselves, have little Santa Clauses tucked in. Instead of the conventional baskets, glass and pottery vases are being used entirely.

HOUSE OF FLOWERS, 4 West Fifty-sixth Street: The decorations featured here this year are of silvery white Viscaria with a touch of red berries. This idea may be carried out in everything, from a simple wreath to the decoration of a whole room for a Christmas party.

NOBORU KONDO, 670 Madison Avenue: All those exotic plants and trick bowls of bizarre things that everybody loves. Swell, too, because they last through the year.

KOTTMILLER, 367 Madison Avenue; and in the Ritz: The new note is a candelabra centrepiece made entirely of Christmas-colored evergreens. They come in all sizes.

MAX SCHLING, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street: Flowers, and flowers, all beautiful. Real artistry in their designs. Do look at the rococo bouquet, which would make an excellent table decoration or a lovely gift. And if she likes plants, the Spanish ice-plant with its bluish metallic leaves will please her. Shoulder bouquets that are utterly adorable.

STUMPP, 732 Fifth Avenue: Especially good taste in artistic arrangement. Floral decorations a specialty. Standing orders, those ever-graceful gestures, well taken care of here.

TOTTY'S, 4 East Fifty-third Street: Cut flowers a specialty here because this well-known shop grows all its own, and gorgeous they are. American Beauties at reasonable prices.

TREPEL, Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street: The usual Christmas plants: poinsettias, azaleas, etc., but unusually beautiful. Special decorations for parties.

WADLEY & SMYTHE, 591 Madison Avenue: Another dependable shop known for its artistry and good taste. Need we say again: beautiful flowers?

THE TREE

WHETHER you will have a Christmas tree probably depends largely on the size of your home and

Gay Celebrations in the Continental Manner

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Three separate parties.
In the GRILL
At RUMPELMAYER'S
In the SKY SALON

Divertissements by YVONNE & ROBERTS

Dance music by HOWARD LANIN

TARIFF, including supper, favors, etc., $8 to $15 person.

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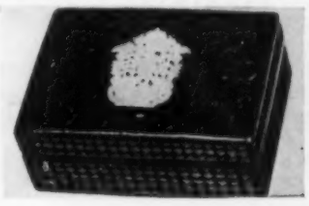
Transient or permanent residence, single or *en suite*, priced in keeping with these thrifty times.

From the Orient



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DRY MARTINI 1/3 Nuyens' French Dry Vermouth 2/3 Holloway's London Dry, Shake With Cracked Ice
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the amount of Christmas spirit that you or the members of your family can muster. (We ourselves hang up our stocking and believe that Santa comes down the kitchenette chimney; so of course we have a big, big tree.) By this time your neighborhood grocer undoubtedly has a large assortment of good-looking trees which will probably shed in no time at all once you drag them into your steam-heated apartment, but which will be just as much fun anyway. Most of the florists will have them, too. Also, Bloomingdale should not be forgotten for trees (or for flowers, for that matter), and there are usually several outdoor markets, like those near the Queensboro Bridge in Fifty-ninth Street.

A nice idea which is becoming more and more popular is the living Christmas tree. These can be had in three sizes from the Living Tree Guild, 468 Fourth Avenue. They are packed in ornamental containers, and included in the box are enough decorations to make the tree look colorful and gay. After the holidays are over the tree still remains to be enjoyed as a plant, if it's a little one, or can be taken to the country and planted in the spring.

As for Christmas-tree decorations, the latest are to be found at Rena Rosenthal, 520 Madison Avenue: Christmas Angels, each tooting a different musical instrument, and each sitting on his separate star, comet, or crescent—to make your tree look modern. There are also little wooden trees here with five or six small wax candles—nice table decoration, or for people who want a tiny Christmas tree. Very good tree decorations are also to be found at Woolworth. Only do go very early in the morning. Another place not to be overlooked is B. Shackman & Company, Broadway and Twentieth Street. Not only Christmas-tree ornaments, but decorations for your dinner party, etc.,

can be obtained here, and you will have a lovely time selecting them. It's a fascinating place.

Your neighborhood electrician will help you with the lights, or you will find tiny ones at Woolworth. By bitter experience we have learned that it is well to have an extra bulb or two on hand, for even the best are quite undependable. —M. H.

MORE BRAIN WAVES

De Pinna, 650 Fifth Avenue: Lots of things for men, in good-looking plain dull colors: Turtle-neck sweaters of thin cashmere, $25; silk pajamas, $15; seven-fold barathea ties (twenty-seven solid colors), $3.50; rep ties, $2.

S. J. Feron, 53 East Forty-fourth Street: This shop specializes in squash and tennis equipment. White squash-racquets balls for playing squash racquets on a squash-tennis court are imported from England; black balls too, of course. Feron's squash racquets; from $6 to $10.

The International Grenfell Association, 425 Madison Avenue: Those adorable Esquimau suits for children, with fur-edged hoods. As the suits are made of windproof and waterproof material, they are warm enough to wear while playing in the park. The Association also has wooden toys made by Esquimaux, and nursery rugs showing polar bears, dog sleds, and other wintry subjects.

The Nokdown Bar Company, 2228 Broadway: Collapsible bar, about five feet long, which can be folded up and put into a small closet; brass rail and all. Mahogany-finished; $65.

Peck & Peck, four stores: Sets of sweater and golf hose in soft plain colors and small patterns; $37.50. Foulard dressing-gowns in English Liberty prints; $35.

Elizabeth H. Pusey, 20 East Fifty-seventh Street: A spacious paradise for the belated shopper. Even rich godmothers may be taken care of, with old silver, china, and English furniture. Real tortoiseshell cigarette cases; only $20. Venetian costume jewelry. Suede bag with moiré pillow and light rug. All kinds of travel accessories. Steamer baskets and tea baskets.

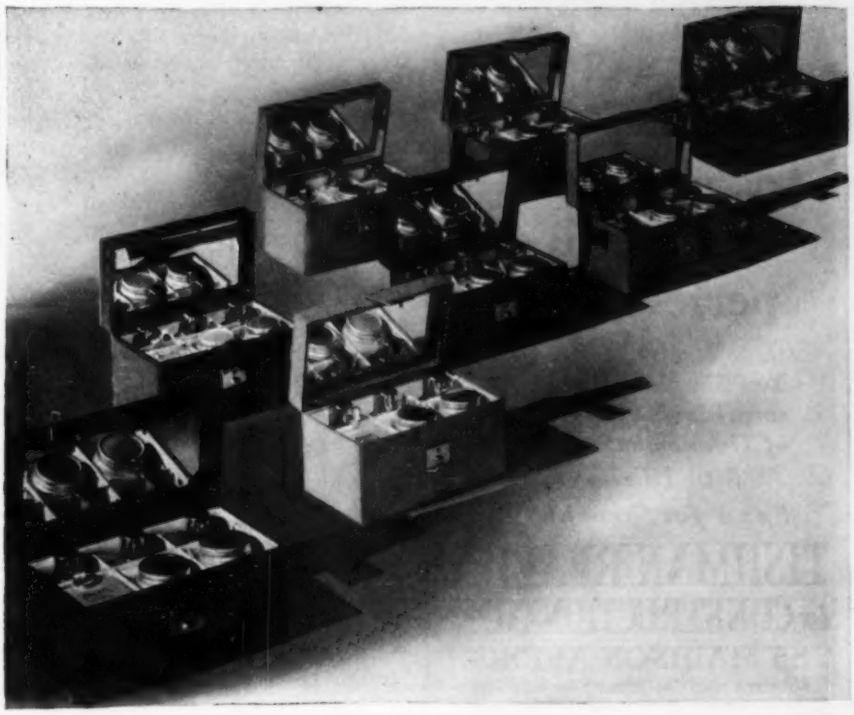
Rogers Peet Company, six stores: Fitted case with a talon fastener around three sides—opens like a book; $22.50. Nickel tie rack that looks like a grate—holds fifty ties; $3.50. De Haven razor—sharpens itself when you shake it in your hand; $10. Irish poplin ties in tartans of fifty-seven clans; $2.50.

Louis Sherry, four shops: You will

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S

• treasurette •

OVERNIGHT BAG



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ALTHEA THURBER
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SUMMER SEASON: SILVERMINE, CONN.

find the new Matchless cigarettes here. Scratch them like a match, and they light without tasting of sulphur; fifty cents for ten. Lovely Jack Horner pies for children's parties, with fascinating favors at the ends of the ribbons.

F. R. Tripler & Company, Madison Avenue and Forty-sixth Street: Dull red crocodile-hide collar box, $17.50; shirt case, $35. Refreshment set consisting of a flask and three cups, in a field-glass case of cowhide; $25. French heavy-ribbed silk socks; $6. Very good flannel robes in all sorts of patterns; some are $25.

Wallach Brothers, thirteen stores: Taffeta flannel dressing-gowns—white with bright polka dots; $25. Wool pull-overs, some with small patterns that look like tweed; from $5 up. Silk pajamas, printed patterns, woven patterns, and plain colors; $10 and $12.50. Raccoon coats up to $650.

Weber & Heilbroner, thirteen stores: Musical water bottles of Italian pottery—some have a stopper in the shape of a man's head carved out of wood; $5.50. Humidor which looks like a huge pipe—lighter in the stem; $10. Belt with a watch concealed in the buckle—flips down so that the time can be seen from above; $25.

IF you are still debating that question of perfume, don't forget d'Orsay's Le Dandy—a safe bet in the realm of exotic scents and a compliment to her taste and yours. A newer perfume by this firm is Duo: as the name suggests, a combination of two scents, with a pleasant result. At most perfume counters, among them Saks-Fifth Avenue.

And you might get a few ideas from the list of books on page 85.

•

"Here is a theory of mine about the reading public," writes Robert H. Ramage. "There are actually two reading publics in the United States. Their interests are different, as is their taste. One I should call the sophisticated group . . . those who read the *New York Times* and *Harper's* and perhaps *American Mercury*, and the books that are reviewed in these periodicals. They are well-read, quick-thinking people. Modern, clever, conscious that they can create and appreciate the current fiction. They are painfully aware of who wrote the latest book, and what so-and-so said about it. They delight in the *New Yorker*, for in it they always find some comment that expresses their own reaction exactly. In brief, this group consists of women who smoke and men who approve of women smoking.—*Advertising & Selling.*

And one darling little old lady who doesn't see very well.

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FOOTBALL

Spirit of the Nineties—California's Optimists—A Farewell to Stadiums

THIS department's Bureau of Football Forecasts ended its season with two straight victories. Those faithful followers who (1) bet on Notre Dame to beat Southern California and (2) bought ringside seats for the Army-Navy game to see a swell fight were rewarded.

Army-Navy play has always been in a class by itself. Comparable only to other traditionally bitter contests—Yale-Harvard, California-Stanford, etc.—it differs from them in having less hysteria and much more authentic scrapping. Year in, year out, in the old days, no matter which eleven was the better, the tackling on both sides was of a brand found nowhere else in football. Yost, of Michigan, holds that one tackle in the 1900 Army-Navy game has never been surpassed, a statement which, all things considered, is pretty sweeping—but believable. While there were few penalties for unnecessary roughness last Saturday (certainly both teams played cleanly), almost every play ended in a fierce tackle which would have raised the spectators' hair earlier in the season. Yet nobody seemed to get hurt. It was a tribute to the tough fibre of the men at both academies.

Only in Army-Navy football, perhaps, does the spirit of the nineties survive. These teams may throw their passes away, bungle their spinner plays, but their game still belongs to the days when football heroes wore canvas jackets. If the depression lasts another year, one compensation will be that they may play again. The Army-Navy game makes a perfect finale to the season.

TACTICALLY, however, the actual play in the game seemed of little importance. Army's line, man for man, was obviously in control of the situation. The cadets deserved to win; though not by more than they did. For the West Point eleven was stupidly run, at least in the first half. Suicide Corner trouble again. Nor, until the second half, did Army capitalize Navy's inability to develop power on its left. Throughout the last quarters, they kept Navy bottled by the simple expedient of punting right to left. Army had a similar weakness in attack, less pronounced but still noticeable, yet Navy took no advantage of it, even with so splendid a punter as Bowstrom. Navy's attack had little to hope for against Price and Suarez, nor could Army make consistent headway through a mass of hurtling bodies. Just once, Army got Stecker through the line before the backs spotted him. That won the game. As long as Kirn, Navy's halfback, kept his feet, Army passes were petards likely to hoist their gunners.

I WISH I had seen Notre Dame play Southern California; but perhaps it was more fun charting the game over the radio. For I notice by my figures that Notre Dame uncorked (I believe that was the word used) six different plays, none of which had ever been seen before, either at Notre Dame or elsewhere: triple passes ending in forwards, delayed laterals from spinners, plays that were even more complicated. Yet the next day there was Rockne's statement that these bewildering maneuvers were simple reverses and the like. There is indeed magic in the air.

No one but a Californian could really have expected to see the Notre Dame eleven hopelessly outclassed. It might have been worn down, nosed out, beaten on a fluke—never hopelessly outclassed. Yet that is precisely what California did expect before the great calamity. The Southern California team evidently presented that anomaly of Nature: a football team overconfident against Notre Dame. Even between the halves, contented Californians took the microphone to point out that St. Mary's had looked as helpless in the first half of their game against Fordham, and while they could not actually say Southern California would equal St. Mary's feat, they felt pretty sure Rockne's men had several things coming to them. They did. Several more touchdowns.

My own feeling remains the same. I have yet to imagine the eleven that can stop the simple off-tackle play as it has been presented at least once

MONSIEUR IS WEEPING!

The elegant . . . the cooly critical . . . the so suavely detached Monsieur le Comte des Gourmets . . . but he weeps.

Mr. Peter is solicitous.

"This breast," Monsieur le Comte can murmur, "this breast of Guinea Hen Smitaine . . . a flavor . . . a touch that is sublime . . . these tiny mushrooms . . . this wild rice. My tired soul stirs, Pierre . . . it is that I am moved."

The whisper reaches the kitchen. "Monsieur le Comte is moved." Only le chef, le magnifique . . . Chevalier . . . can smile, can shrug, "mais certainement, qu' es' qu' vous voulez."

Private entrance on 58th Street

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NEW YORK

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In earlier Christmas times, Milady of the East Side rode abroad, behind spirited bays ajingle with bells. Today with the limousine replacing the sleigh and the modern apartment the brown-stone residence, the East side renews its residential prestige, with East 72nd a street of preference. "320" is the newest of the finer cooperatives on this wide avenue. We are confident the purchase plan and the investment desirability of "320" will appeal to you.

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every Saturday this season by Notre Dame.

ONE last story before we lock the typewriter up for the winter, suggested by those mysterious plays described by the California broadcaster. There was once a play stranger than any he conceived, and in the nineties, when it happened, it won the game for the team of the quarterback who invented it, on the field.

The match was between two Army-post elevens. The day was dark and dreary, the field draped with fog. Mist clung so close to the ground you could not see one end of the field from the other. The score was 0–0, fourth quarter, fourth down, and goal to go with time for only a single play. The idea came in a last-minute time-out. Hastily the quarter explained it to his men. The whistle blew to line up. However, instead of trotting up to where the opposing team waited, only the centre went to the ball. Five yards behind him stood a guard; five yards behind *him*, a tackle; still five yards more, an end—and so on back into the dusk and fog. Without a word the centre snapped the ball to the guard, who turned and tossed it back. It bobbed down the field from man to man, the referee in hot pursuit, and, about the fifty-yard line, was lost from view. Pandemonium broke out. Everyone began yelling and shouting, the defending players ran in circles, tackling anyone handy. Seconds passed, minutes, what seemed eternity. Then a shrill whistle blew from behind the defenders' goal-line, the two teams ran up and discovered one of the offence sitting on the ball in the end zone—touchdown!

Besieged, the referee explained that everything was in order. He had followed the ball back through the fog to the last man in the strange lineup, observed the ball-carrier walk leisurely over to the sidelines, drop to his knees, and crawl the entire length of the field, invisible in the fog. The wily quarterback had broken no rule then in existence, and had crept one hundred yards to score. —LINESMAN

•

Dr. Warren F. Manning, Romance languages, will play a number of flute solos to illustrate the trends of the century at a meeting of the Woman's Music Club Thursday evening.—*West Virginia University Athenaeum.*

That's probably as good a way as any.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Christmas Offerings

THERE used to be a good recording of the suite from Strauss' "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in the original Columbia Masterworks, but it has been replaced by an electrical recording (Masterworks Set 148) by the orchestra of the Straram Concerts, led by Walter Straram. The new version is a charming addition to any disc library. The music is the lighter—and more subtle—Strauss, and M. Straram directs it with an agile touch.

All of the Schumann symphonies are now available, the last to arrive being the second, in C-major, in Brunswick Set 23. This work can be grievously dull, for it has neither the freshness and vigor of the First and Fourth symphonies nor the ground-swells of the Third; but the veteran Hans Pfitzner has caught the underlying tenderness of the music and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra plays it brilliantly. Pfitzner, some of whose own music has wearied local concertgoers notably, seems to be an exceptional *dirigeant*.

The Sibelius E-minor symphony, with which Mr. Stokowski scored a great success a little while ago, has been issued by Columbia in England. It is played by an excellent anonymous orchestra, conducted by Robert Kajanus, who, apparently, is a Sibelius specialist. This album would be a fine Christmas gift for the collector who has all the old familiars on his shelf. It may be obtained from the Gramophone Shop.

THIS is a good season for Bach addicts. The Philadelphia Orchestra has an orchestral version of the B-minor prelude (if the transcriber isn't Mr. Stokowski, who is he?), coupled with the Pastoral Symphony from Handel's "Messiah" (Victor 7316). The Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Jascha Horenstein, may be heard in a superb doubling of two choral preludes transcribed by Schönberg (Brunswick 90105), and the sixth Brandenburg Concerto, for strings, is captured on wax with striking results by Sir Henry J. Wood and his symphony orchestra (Columbia 67842-D and 67843-D).

The release of the preludes and fugues from the "Well-Tempered

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Clavichord" continues with Columbia Masterworks Set 147, in which Evlyn Howard-Jones plays the tenth through the seventeenth, inclusive. Add to this album Columbia Masterworks 120, in which Miss Harriet Cohen plays the first nine, and you have a handsome presentation.

An exceptional piano recording of Bach is that of Samuel Feinberg, a Russian composer and virtuoso, who has an uncommon gift for making discs. He plays two choral preludes and the Bach version of a Vivaldi organ concerto (Brunswick 90102).

There is a sympathetic transcription for orchestra of the Gavotte from the sixth violoncello sonata, the transcription being by Leopold Damrosch. Walter Damrosch conducts it, with the National Symphony Orchestra. It makes up the fourth side of two discs devoted to a ballet suite, arranged by Gevaert from Gluck's melodies (Victor 7321 and 7322). These recordings are some of the best that Victor has published recently.

SOMETHING extra is "The Rio Grande," a setting of Sacheverell Sitwell's poem, by Constant Lambert (Columbia, imported). This is a brilliant composition for chorus, piano solo, and orchestra, loaded with smashing rhythms and dripping in fetching tunes. The young composer leads the Hallé Orchestra, whose regular conductor, Sir Hamilton Harty, plays the jazzy piano part like a Gershwin. The chorus is the St. Michael's Singers, who apparently do well, although the recording is top-heavy with instrumental contributions.

A MAGNIFICENT "Pinafore," with all of the music, supervised by Rupert D'Oyly Carte (H.M.V. Album Set 100, imported), will thrill any Gilbert-and-Sullivan fancier. The recording is impeccable, the direction of Dr. Malcolm Sargent is worthy of any music ever written, and at least two of the soloists (George Baker, the Captain Corcoran; and Bertha Lewis, the Little Buttercup) are sensational. Dr. Sargent treats the operetta as modified grand opera, and under his nimble beat the orchestra becomes as important as Sullivan meant it to be. —R. A. S.

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Many Broadway celebrities were present and the literati glimpsed in the throng included Fannie Hurst with her marmoset, Carl Van Vechten, whose . . . —*Chicago Tribune.*

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COURT GAMES

Rockaway's Gold Racquets—Lobs and Smashes—Men Out of Jobs

THE Gold Racquets Tournament at the Rockaway Hunting Club provided the gallery with two sensational upsets this year: J. Lawrence Pool's victory, in the semifinals, over Herbert Rawlins (who had been auctioned off in the pool to an enterprising little band of betters for more than a thousand dollars) and Pool's successful struggle with Palmer Dixon in the finals.

In the first two games of the semifinals Rawlins, who was not in his usual form, was quite definitely outplayed by Pool. Pool was smashing the ball and hitting more accurately. "That's the only way he can beat Rawlins," grunted one of the gallery experts. In the third game this idea apparently occurred to Rawlins also, for he changed his style and began lobbing, returning each shot gently and high up on the front wall, so as to keep Pool from slamming. Rallies began to last three minutes, a fast ball from Pool's racquet being followed by a maddening lob from Rawlins. At first Pool kept on with his smashing game, but the waiting for each shot got on his nerves: he hit a few balls into the tin, and then began playing a slow game himself. An almost certain winner a few minutes before, it now looked as though he might easily lose. Rawlins won the third game 15–6, and the next 15–7.

The deciding game found the same nerve-racking situation: Rawlins practically infallible with his lobs, and Pool holding himself in check as long as humanly possible, then letting loose with a fast one. Toward the end, however, the strain was too much for Rawlins; he made some errors and lost, 15–13. A change in his plan of action earlier in the day, and he probably would have won.

The other semifinal, between Dixon and Ralph Powers, wasn't half as exciting. Both men were good, but they played more or less the same style of game and there wasn't any particular tension.

FOLLOWING these matches everyone went to lunch, except Dixon, who went to sleep. He and Pool reappeared around three for the finals, which were conducted under the most favorable auspices squash racquets can boast: gold trophy in the offing; smart mixed gallery; standing room only for any number of people, including some of the best players in the country; George Cummings, University Club pro, umpiring; Ernest B. Humpstone, president of the Metropolitan Squash Racquets Association, humbly keeping score. The players themselves did their best to do justice to this impressive décor, but the show wasn't as good as the Pool-Rawlins match. In the third game, at 13–all, each man having won a game, Pool took five points straight. This seemed to unsettle Dixon, and he lost the next game 15–9, hitting a number of shots just under the tin.

Pool deserves the greatest credit for his impressive showing in these two matches, but it is true that neither of his opponents was up to his best form. It will be interesting to see what happens when he comes up against them later in the season—interesting to people who are interested in squash, that is; probably very dull, or at any rate baffling, to people who aren't. But then they probably won't ever know anything about it.

WHILE we are on the subject of squash, by the way, we may as well call your attention to the situation at the Racquet Club. So much new, and good, blood has come in from Harvard this year that a number of Class A men are out of a job. They can't make the A team and they can't play on the B team, since they have a Class A rating. Examples of this are Lansing McVickar; Whitney de Rham; George Laimbeer, who has solved the problem by playing for Rockaway Hunt, where he's good enough for the team; and Dr. Bishop, last year's captain, who has taken to hard racquets this year, out of sheer desperation. —G. T. H.

•

One plan is that there should be general British citizenship with separate nationality as a kind of subdivision. Another is that there should be separate nationalities with general British citizenship as a subdivision.—*Dispatch in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

We're sick of both those plans already.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ufa's Mr. Jannings—Railroads and Roughnecks—The Comics

ALL that the Hollywood pictures did to me this past week was to make me think about a German picture in town. I refer to "The Blue Angel." There wasn't much to ponder over in the American pictures of the moment except to wonder a bit why now and then our artistic centre just simply, humbly, meekly, surrenders all its honors to the Ufa people, by which name, you know, these German pictures are known to those in the business. Ufa doesn't always triumph. The general run of Ufa offerings are awful things, as you may be aware. They are just tucked away in odd little movie alcoves around town and nobody is any the worse for them. Then Ufa shuffles out something first-class like "The Blue Angel," and Hollywood steps aside. Of course it is Jannings largely that makes "The Blue Angel:" Jannings peering slyly sidewise in all suspicion, Jannings looming bulkily, clumsily—a superb looming, a marvellous clumsiness—giving us the type he always does of the little man in a place of authority, a type so universal in this world of ours that it always matters, and to everyone in the public suggests someone he has to deal with or is related to, or, impossible to believe, maybe himself.

FOR one thing I must give Hollywood a pat on the back. In her American picture, "Morocco," and in her German, "The Blue Angel," Miss Marlene Dietrich plays somewhat the same sort of rôle. In both she is the cabaret performer, looking at the fools about her with detached serenity, which you perceive all the time, in terror, is a merely surface thing. You give a boyish shudder at the thought of what may lie behind that composure. In both pictures she is a pretty woman indeed, but in the American she is far prettier. Hollywood has done her justice, if justice is, as I believe the ladies define it, anything which makes them look their

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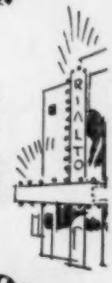
the rialto

there's emil jannings and marlene dietrich in paramount ufa's "the blue angel" — blue not because of cold — but because another good man's gone wrong — but who wouldn't for marlene —



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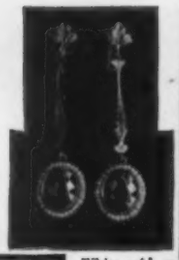

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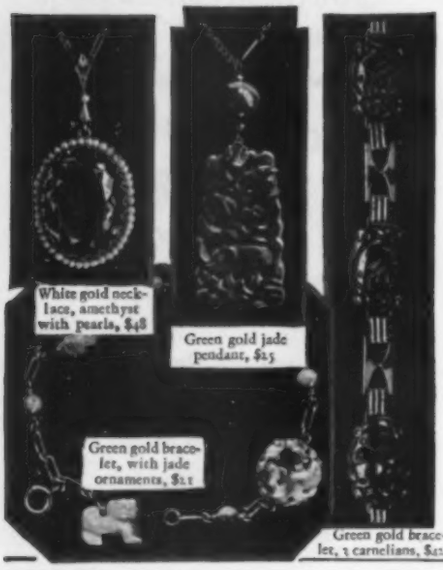
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best. Hollywood, to give the colony its due, can appreciate a pretty woman. I fear this announcement is hardly news. But oh, Ufa—Ufa!

DUTIFULLY to report on what Hollywood has done besides, I must say that they have taken some good pictures of a railroad yard in "Danger Lights," and they have appreciated the features of Louis Wolheim. They have also recalled that ancient device of the unfortunate person who gets his foot caught in the switch of the railroad tracks just as the express is about to hurtle by. It was pleasant experiencing that quaint old thrill of suspense again.

HOLLYWOOD also made something of an effort to present Mr. John Gilbert as a roughneck member of the merchant marine in "Way for a Sailor." It is Mr. Gilbert's misfortune in this picture to have his impersonation of the more brutal species contrasted with those of Wallace Beery and Jim Tully, who are proficient at the type, and one has the uneasy feeling as a result that Mr. Gilbert will suddenly serve tea in the fo'c's'le. His tarpaulin lacked only a gardenia.

OTHERWISE the pictures have been efforts at humor. "Only Saps Work" gives us Leon Errol's antics, which are rather funny now and again. This picture has nothing to do, I am told, with a book of that title, though it is concerned with the frolics of the criminal classes. There is a good deal in it about the merriment of mistaken identities at a health farm and about a romance of usual conventions involving Richard Arlen and Mary Brian. I put "Free Love" in the class of comics too, not because of the title but because its contribution is ZaSu Pitts as the maid of a married couple who show us how many problems arise even between those who really love each other. "See America Thirst," with Harry Langdon, is a "satire" on gangsterdom and not at all amusing to me. The English offer "Sleeping Partners," than which I have seen nothing more staid since Little Eva went to Heaven. —J. C. M.

•

LEWIS MARTIN desires an understanding. Box C-32674, Examiner.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

Well, let's wait till the holidays are over.

SOAP

ALTHOUGH he was among the unemployed, it wasn't apples that Willie Sanders had to sell. Nor did he ever have to stand in any grim, long breadlines, or haunt those forbidding placards posted on Sixth Avenue with offers, perhaps, of occasional jobs. Yet just as truly as any vendor of apples or any member of the breadlines was little Willie out of funds. Willie belonged to that vast aggregation of young men about town who decorate the apartments of the rich, who supply them, mostly, with those "Georgian" dining-rooms, and "Georgian" rooms belong to the category of expensive luxuries. In spite of these adverse circumstances, little Willie did pretty well by himself for quite a time, and would have landed a year abroad for "study" had he not made one unfortunate slip, the merest chance mistake. Curiously enough, the immediate cause of his downfall was soap, a fact which again differentiates him from the majority of the insolvent.

To Mrs. Ivor MacChesney (*née* d'Aubigny), Willie appeared on the scene as a godsend, for she was a woman of conscience as well as means, and she wanted very much to alleviate the suffering she read about every day in the papers. She got him at once to do over her own dining-room at rates, commensurate with a period of financial depression, which didn't leave the boy a lot over. Not enough to carry him abroad. That might, he began to see, come later.

He was a godsend to Mrs. MacChesney not only because he did over her room, and rather deftly too, for far less than she could have engaged any established decorator to do it, or because he was poor and she was, in thus helping him, doing her bit by the victims of the present system, but because also he was rather attractive, a rather pleasant companion for an elderly widow at the theatre or at dinner.

"He comes of good people, I am sure," said Mrs. MacChesney to her friends. "Really well bred, you know."

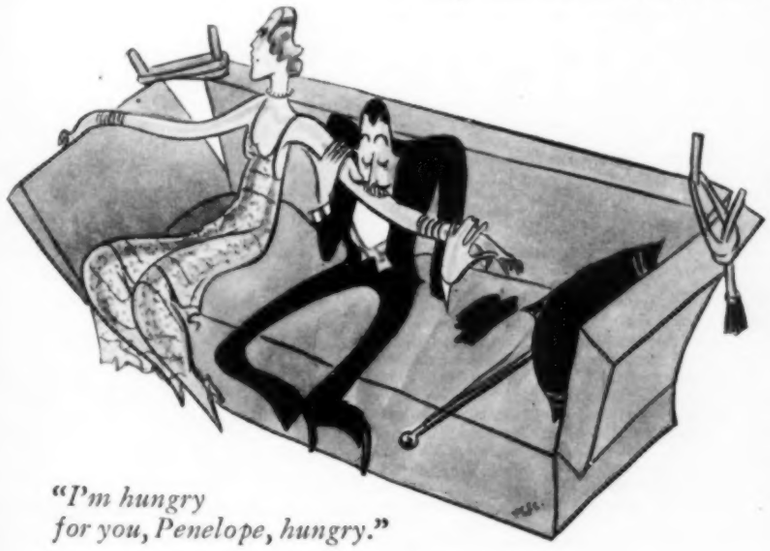
"Where did you find him?" they would say.

"Oh, someone sent him to me. The poor child had a brooch of his mother's to sell. He was starving. And so brave about it, and full of fun."

Willie took Mrs. MacChesney to see his own room and she was delighted with it. It was all that a starving artist's room should be. In the Village, up three flights of stairs, a mere nook of an attic in an old house, with slanting ceilings, with a wretched washbowl in a corner and a dreary, sagging cot-bed. Mrs. MacChesney sat down on the cot and wiped away a tear. The visit was a high success, and she invited Willie to an expensive musical comedy as a reward.

"The price of theatre seats is a scandal," she said, "but we need entertainment these hard times to brace us up. It's good for our morale."

SHE thought of the price of the theatre tickets, however, again next morning after a casual perusal of the quotations on the Curb Exchange, and the resultant mood led to her wrangle with the druggist at the corner store where she got her household supplies. Soap was the issue. On account of the new tariff her favorite imported soap had gone up in price thirty cents a cake. Mrs. MacChesney was outraged. She expressed herself loudly and vol-



"I'm hungry for you, Penelope, hungry."

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ubly, and then with the gesture of a martyr said she would deny herself this luxury—what with all the suffering and the misery and the starving there was in this world. She would use plain domestic soap if it killed her.

Of course she could have afforded the imported soap at its new price without feeling it in the least. It was the principle of the thing that counted. Tucked in her Lincoln she could reflect smugly on her indigence. It put her in a good humor all day until late in the afternoon, chancing to go into the kitchen, she discovered that the cook's little girl had a new fur coat.

"The way these people spend their money!" she thought. "No wonder they're poor."

The cook's little girl's new fur coat really spoiled her evening. The presumption of it kept recurring to her mind. The extravagance of the poor was something to harden the heart. She thought of it all the time that Willie was telling her how valuable a trip to Europe would be for him, how he would get ideas not only for Georgian dining-rooms, but for French, for Louis Seize, Louis Quinze, and Louis Quatorze, and the Empires (First and Second). And if he went to Italy he would get Italian ideas. All of which would insure his future in Manhattan, in due course of time. But where was he going to get the money for this important education?

Mrs. MacChesney said nothing at the moment, except to suggest as he was leaving that they lunch together next day. Downtown in the Village, she said. She wanted to see his room again. There was a note of maternal tenderness in her "good night"s that promised well. Willie went happy to bed.

CLOSE as he got to it, Willie did not achieve his trip to Europe, and the way in which he missed out is a lesson to the improvident. In the first place, Mrs. MacChesney arrived next day highly indignant. On the way down her chauffeur, with the freedom of the old retainer, announced that he had a new radio.

"Here the rest of us," she said to Willie at luncheon, "go skimping along and they buy anything they want."

Unfortunately, Willie was not giving proper heed to these words. He didn't appreciate the full depth of Mrs. MacChesney's feelings on the subject. He was equally inattentive to her account of the expensive soap, though some stray hazy recollection of her anecdote may have occurred to him later to remind him, when they stopped in a drugstore for cigarettes, that he must get a cake of soap for his own room.

Mrs. MacChesney had started on the theme of those people who deserved to be helped and those who didn't when she noticed with a jolt of amazement that Willie was in the process of choosing the very same brand of soap that she had denied herself only yesterday.

"Well," she cried, "I can't afford that!"

And then Willie set the seal on his error. He didn't know it. His hopes still prevailed for some weeks after, and he was never quite clear what it was that suddenly changed Mrs. MacChesney's attitude toward him. He never even remembered that in that casual moment, cheerful and gay, and a bit flippant in mood, he had thrown over his shoulder at his would-be benefactress: "What's thirty cents? Phooey."

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Men's voices speak to horses, cursing and coaxing. A boy blows an involved call on the bugle. A laugh. They are singing the defiant, rollicking La Cucaracha again. The song comes back through the sweet, thin smell of the dust their horses have disturbed. They are disappearing like wine evaporating on black velvet. They are riding the night raid, grinning at the tortures of the desert and eager for the sharp taste of battle. They are singing La Cucaracha. And every living thing knows they are the dorados — the golden ones who fight and die under the cruel leadership of Mexico's greatest bandit chief. They are more than that—these singing ones. They are the last riders of romance. They go to make the final stand for melodrama. Adios, compañeros valientes! The stain of the wine fades from the black velvet. But it takes the live color with it. Adios!

—From a story of Mexican adventure by Floyd Gibbons in Liberty, November 22, 1930.

Men's voices speak to horses, cursing and coaxing. A boy figure blows an involved call on the bugle. A laugh. They are singing the defiant, rollicking La Cucaracha again. The song comes back through the sweet, thin smell of the dust their horses have disturbed. They are disappearing like wine evaporating slowly on black velvet. They are riding the night raid, grinning at the tortures of the desert and eager for the sharp taste of battle. They are singing La Cucaracha. And every living thing knows they are the dorados—the golden ones who fight and die under the cruel leadership of Mexico's greatest bandit chief. They are more than that, these singing ones. They are the last riders of romance. They go to make the final stand for melodrama. Adios, compañeros valientes! The stain of the wine fades from the black velvet. But it takes the live color with it. Adios!

—From "The Little Tigress," a volume on Mexican adventure, by Wallace Smith (Putnam, 1923).

THE ART GALLERIES

Design and Depression

WHEN assembling the international exhibition of metalwork and cotton textiles at the Metropolitan, the American Federation of Arts presumably did not want to be the cause of a breach in international relations, for somehow it has managed to make the products of all the countries exhibiting look about alike. We suppose it was necessary to scale the more advanced down a bit to give the poor local boys a chance. Otherwise the French, Dutch, and some of the Scandinavian work would have made our stuff look sick.

The show will give you no great thrill. However, as the popularization of art seems to depend on wallpaper and linoleum in this country, we suppose it deserves some notice; otherwise we would not feel inclined to mention it. Art in industry, we are told by Dr. Bach and his fellow-experts, is at a standstill just now, owing to what some speak of as "the depression." The big manufacturers would rather rely on the tried and true products than experiment with anything new. (That they are proceeding on a false premise does not seem to bother them.) Only the metalworkers have made any advance lately. They have two or three notable exhibits. The American textile designer seems weighted under an obligation to be cute. He can never get away from motives which are purely objective; he thinks in terms of national symbols, such as flags, covered wagons, Indians, skyscrapers, automobiles. Beauty goes deeper than the hurried impedimenta of our daily lives, however, so translating these objects in terms of design always produces pretty sad results. Next to France, we would say Holland made the best showing.

DEMOTTE's present show is of Jean Hugo, who has been seen around now and then at various places. He is a great-grandson of Victor Hugo and is allied with the Cocteau group in Paris. While he claims to have no master (we have not been over the ground enough to know how true that is), we would

liken him to Lurçat and Chirico. Whether he owes them anything or not, anyway he crosses their paths; he has the tender, poetic color of Lurçat and a feeling for myths rather similar to Chirico's. He tells his myths more objectively, though, and his humor is a little too weird at times. However, he is an expert colorist and these small examples are worth anybody's time.

THE show of Eugène Atget's photographs was so successful that Weyhe has held them over. As you know, Atget was the man who spent his life photographing Paris.

Until December 22 Weyhe also has modern sculpture by Vally Wieselthier and the original drawings for Rockwell Kent's new book, "N by E."

FREDERICK SOLWEDEL is showing his water colors at the Kipps, Ltd., Galleries. Solwedel has a certain gift, though a somewhat erratic one. He has good color and a poetic feeling. To our mind the sketches of Nassau diving boys and swimmers are the most successful in this year's crop.

HERE AND THERE: Water colors and line drawings by George Biddle can be seen at the Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery. . . . The Babcock Gallery is holding an exhibition of Thomas Eakins. . . . The Vicomtesse de Vaulchier has a show of decorative paintings at the Helen M. Snyder Galleries. . . . The eighth annual exhibition of American etchers is on at the National Arts Club. . . . Duttons has a miscellaneous show of sporting prints, woodcuts, etc., through December. . . . The Lucy Lamar Galleries have oil paintings by old and modern masters. . . . Lionel Edwards has a show of sporting subjects at the Hooper Bookshop. . . . Knoedler is showing British mezzotints of the eighteenth century. . . . The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors has a Christmas sale of small things at the Argent Galleries. . . . The Downtown Gallery is holding the annual show of the American Print Makers. . . . Important show of the week: Marsden Hartley at Stieglitz' An American Place. —MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

This incident perhaps more than anything else has tended to worsen the relations between the Russians and the Americans.—*H. R. Knickerbocker in the Evening Post.*

And they've been pretty worse all along.

LE MOMENT ÉTONNANT

[THE ASTONISHING MOMENT]

When you receive a souvenir (remembrance) from your Aunt Matilde who has a penchant (pronounced penchant) for African sculpture—remain de bonne humeur (composed).

. . . *be nonchalant*

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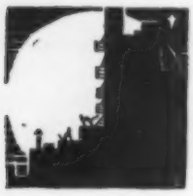
THE SKY LINE

Two Newcomers on the Avenue — Burghers and Indians—Modernity



ONCE again Fifth Avenue claims our attention, for some weeks ago we stopped to look at the Hotel Pierre. Its designers, Schultze & Weaver, very properly followed the French tradition. The hotel has an elegance and a worldly quality admirably suited to its uses. Such detail as it bears is vigorous and well in scale. The big urns, the sturdy stone jointing known as bossage, the well-proportioned cornices and roof crestings, all combine excellently and give every indication of having been carefully studied.

It is pleasant to record, also, that the building harmonizes unusually well with its near neighbor, the Savoy-Plaza. It is probable that Schultze & Weaver took this future relationship into account while the Hotel Pierre was still on their drawing boards. In any case, the designs are related, and together give distinction to this important section of the Avenue.

A LITTLE farther down, at Fifty-seventh Street, is another newcomer: the palatial uptown home of the New York Trust Company. It is gratifying to feel that this corner, which was for so long graced by a row of unusually charming old houses, has been worthily treated in its latest development.

The New York Trust Company Building is a blocky and interesting design by Cross & Cross. The building sets back boldly, the different levels being marked by sheer parapet walls. Evidently the intention has been to convey an impression of strength and solidity, to which an effect of opulence is added by the use of snowy Georgia white marble from top to bottom. The main entrance is in Fifty-seventh Street, emphasized by a recessed motive ornamented by four robust columns. The frieze over these columns carries a strong band of swags, or draped garlands, recalling the virile *invenzioni* of Piranesi. This is manly, forthright, classic stuff, splendidly adapted to our day. Only the column capitals lacked interest for us. They are a composite type and somehow do not seem as able-bodied and masculine as the rest of the design.

THE interior of the main banking room again emphasizes the fact that our banks, more than any of our other institutions, are giving New York and its visitors an extraordinary series of beautiful rooms. Most of our theatres are distinctly poor: fussy, elaborate, and petty where they are not absolutely monstrous. The design of an auditorium, with its gallery or galleries, its sloping floor, and its yawning proscenium, is of course an appallingly difficult problem, but we would be reasonably content if only our theatre designers would give us more of the bare bones of the thing and not try to cloak them with so much drapery. Norman Bel Geddes has pointed the way and we have hopes.

However, to get back to the New York Trust: The banking room is very beautiful in a subtly quiet way. The warm tones of the marble floor and low wainscoting are delightfully supplemented by Griffith Baily Coale's low-keyed murals depicting the story of Manhattan through its successive occupations by Dutch, English, and American inhabitants. (The final phase of its occupancy by Mittel-Europeans is not given, but perhaps this is concealed in the storage vaults.) Mr. Coale shows us New York from its waterfront, which enables him to trace our history against a changing and lively background of docks, warehouses, churches, and the other details of a growing city. It is unfortunate that the screens of the bank cages cut off quite a bit of this decoration along one side of the room, but we have not yet worked out any other solution of this problem.

The colors used by Mr. Coale are limited to what is distinctly a mural palette. They teach once more the lesson first challengingly uttered, we believe, by Puvis de Chavannes: that to be truly and successfully *mural*, decoration must first of all be *mural decoration* and not a series of pictures. In Puvis' noble panels in the Panthéon where in his profoundly simple way, with that pale palette of his, he told the story of Ste. Geneviève, he completely disposed of the brilliant wall-paintings of such men as Laurens and Bonnat. Their day is done. Such of our New York men as Hewlett, Winter, and Peixotto know this well; Mr. Coale understands it perfectly, and proves it in these decorations.

These murals are both harmonious and historically interesting but—and we ask this question humbly—may not decorations of this sort be more than this? Should not mural painters be given a chance, sometimes, to approach their task in a purely abstract way and to give us decoration not less pictorial, perhaps, but of a less historical and anecdotal character? We must confess we are just a bit fed up on the history of Manhattan. Whether decorators have had to submit to boards of directors or whether they all like to paint Dutch burghers being chevied by Indians we are not sure, but it is getting so now that when we see this sort of thing we feel like crying: "Please, for once, come out of the nursery!"

THE metalwork in the New York Trust Building should not be passed without mention. Aluminum has been used, with a soft pewter finish that is pleasant to see and to touch. It is sturdily designed and since it is carried through all the grilles and fittings it adds much to the room.

NEXT door to the bank is the new L. P. Hollander Building, designed by Jock Peters, of Los Angeles, and Eleanor LeMaire. This is effectively modern, the elevation consisting of a broad framework of black marble that incloses a rather elaborate metal screen, which in turn includes the entrance. The whole is marked by freshness and buoyancy. We feel, though, that the red casement sash in the upper stories is a mistake, perhaps because red lead is by tradition a priming coat for metalwork, to be followed later by the final color. However, that may be what will happen in this case. We hope so.

The showroom floors are varied in design and in the accessories needed for certain types of goods. Our favorites were the main, the second, and the sixth floors, but we confess that our bewilderment in such a distractingly feminine establishment made it very difficult for us to keep our mind on anything so academic as architectural decoration. Our general feeling was that for a few blissful moments in the middle of a busy New York day we had found a place that is restful.

—T-SQUARE

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) Press*]

BRITAIN HAS IDEA

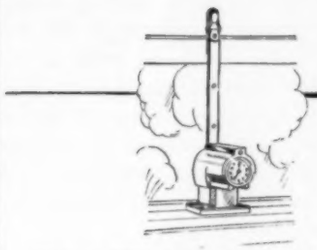
TELL ME, PRETTY GIPSY

NOW that a chiropodist is occupying the site of the gipsy camp where I used to work (Tea Cup Reading Free with 75c Lunch), I am able at last to reveal the truth about my adventures among the gipsies. When I went into the work my mind was clouded with old-fashioned illusions about these roving adventurers who loved and stole and sang lustily along the highroads. Our gipsies were nothing like that. They were clean and businesslike and got to work on time.

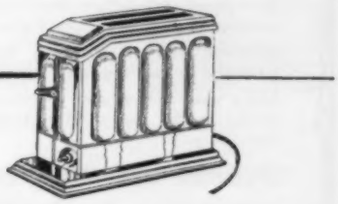
We could not be blamed if we never sat singing around the electric stove, for we were never served with those bubbling wines that tradition would have you believe are the liquid sustenance of *Tziganes*, male and female. Stewed tea was the only drink served by or to our temperate gipsy lasses, synthetic chicken-salad sandwiches were our chief sustenance, and the only food that linked us with the powers of darkness was a daily portion of a dark brown stuff called "Devil's-Food Cake."

BEFORE I go into the strange secrets of teacup-reading, I should like to mention the peculiar garments of our Fifth Avenue gipsies. The old custom of eighteen petticoats we snubbed. Our Romany lasses were as slender as diets of devil's food and modern girdles could make them. Disdaining conventionality, they were often as bare-legged as if they worked in Broadway. Sashes, earrings, and garish headscarves added to the newest Seventh Avenue models gave the Egyptian touch to our neat Magyar maidens, although the Princess Evelyn (a Staten Island *Tzigane*) felt most psychic in a flowered flannel dressing sacque, and a fiery lad who danced with Ted Shawn preferred an Arab burnoose of scarlet sateen and a Hindu turban. Probably during his strange wanderings among the Arabs and Hindus of the Brooks Costume Company, he had acquired

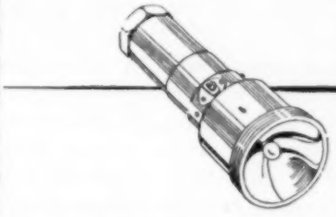
Gifts Janet Gray SAW AT LEWIS & CONGER



THE Window Closer obligingly closes the bedroom window on cold winter mornings. You set the clock for half an hour or so before rising time. At the appointed hour the clock releases a coil spring and down glides the window quietly. And you have a cozy room in which to dress. $13.50

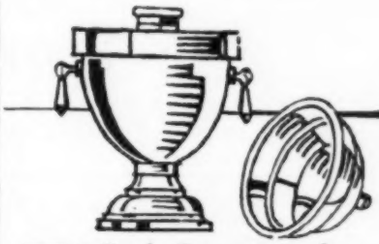


THE Big Chief and I are giving his sister the new Toastmaster Toaster. It toasts two slices on both sides at once. All you do is drop in the bread and press down the lever. In a minute up pops the toast—and the current stops until the next two slices go in. Chromium plated, $17.50. Single slice model, $12.50



I'M giving the Big Chief a No-Battery Flashlight. You see, it's absolutely reliable. Never goes "dead." It can't. It has no batteries—generates its own electricity. A twist of the handle and you have light. Comes in red, green or khaki color. $10.00

BIG STEPPUP is a work or dining table for the youngsters in the family. Little Steppups make good stools to go along with it. They're sturdy—built of wood and painted blue, ivory or green. Around their middles is a gay oilcloth. Table, $6.00. Steppup stools each $3.00



THE Smoke Consumer is of course an appropriate gift for a heavy smoker. It's also a good gift for the heavy smoker's long-suffering family. It makes the smoke in a room vanish quick as a wink. Alcohol and a platinumized ring in the Consumer do the trick. 4½" high, bronze finish. $5.00

THE Solo Table goes across the arms of a chair. Or can be held on your knees. The top can be raised or lowered. Also reversed. One side is padded soft—for solitaire. The other is smooth and hard—for sewing or writing. Lacquered in Chinese red, green or finished in mahogany. $7.50

Janet Gray

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the taste for these outlandish garments.

It is no easier to wrest the secrets of the trade from a gipsy in Fifth Avenue than from the old crones of Hungary. However, in spite of a chronic astigmatism in the second sight, hard work and concentration helped me overcome my handicap and I mastered my art with such success that I garnered in as many shining silver quarters as that raggle-taggle Astoria gipsy so richly endowed with supernatural sight that she could see in teacups Rolls-Royce cars, diamond bracelets, and papers-to-be-signed, without even studying her customer's face. But observation revealed to me some of her secrets, and here is one:

After the customer has consumed the tea, whirled the cup three times (closing her eyes), and made a wish, the gipsy spends thirty concentrated seconds studying the leaves. And no matter what strange patterns she sees there, she turns to the customer and whispers:

"You are worried about something!"

It is truly remarkable; there has never yet been a man or woman who failed to respond with an affirmative to that statement. Other strange facts revealed by tea leaves to gipsies are that customers are not understood by their families, that they wish for more happiness than their present lives afford, and that they are in need of money. Romantic secrets revealed by tea leaves are even more astounding. Almost everyone who visits a gipsy teashop is adored by someone too shy to mention the depths of his affection.

"You are hardly aware this person loves you," the gipsy whispers; and enticingly adds, "but soon . . ."

"Are that person's initials 'X. K. Q.'?" the customer asks.

"How strange," murmurs the gipsy. "Those are precisely the initials."

More than these basic secrets of our art it would be unfair of me to reveal. For, equipped with a detailed understanding of this rare psychic power, almost any amateur might go out and try to be a gipsy. Think how this would influence the hundreds of serious-minded *Tziganes* trying hard to earn their livings under unjust laws.

RETICENCE has prevented me from revealing thus far the secrets of the private lives of our gipsy girls. Suffice it to state that they are attractive wenches, squired by stalwart shipping clerks and haberdashery salesmen. They are fond of jazz bands, chop suey, and moving pictures. Many are married and saving their quarters to pay for electric washing machines. Much of the leisure time around a gipsy camp is spent talking of men and the girls' romantic yearnings. "I wonder, can I get a new dress for Saturday?" and "I wish I knew if Frank is going to call me tonight" are typical of the secret desires they reveal to co-gipsies. For ironically, these gipsy lasses are as torn by indecision and as tormented by the mystery of the future as any of their customers. —VERA CASPARY

• •

INSIDIOUS M. G.

Factual Proof of the Detrimental Influence of the So-Called Sport of Miniature Golf

LOCALE	VICTIM	DETRIMENTAL INFLUENCE
Brooklyn	Sidney Franklin	Stated he had to give up his plans to introduce bullfighting in America because of "too much competition from M. G. courses"
Chattanooga	Ed Friggs	After playing M. G. for one hundred and thirteen consecutive hours, he had to be removed to a hospital for observation
El Paso	Adolph Topperwein	Because of the excessive popularity of M. G., there has been a sharp decline in the demand for his services as an expert in the sport of shooting
Washington	Herbert M. Campbell	To get free publicity for his M. G. courses, he made up some stories that resulted in his arrest for murder
Chicago	The Public	Two indoor M. G. courses were installed in the Auditorium Theatre, causing the cessation of the production of operas

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY, by D. H. Lawrence (*Knopf*). A posthumous novel, powerful in spite of its sketchiness, and worth your while.

VAGABONDS, by Knut Hamsun (*Coward-McCann*). A foot-free and delightful novel of adventures along Norway's romantic coastline.

OTHER MAN'S SAUCER, by J. Keith Winter (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which a young author tells a tragic, repellent story of Oxford.

THY SERVANT A DOG, told by Boots, edited by Rudyard Kipling (*Doubleday, Doran*). Being the adventures of a Scottie. And very good, too.

SEVEN TALES AND ALEXANDER, by H. E. Bates (*Viking*). Finely drawn stories of childhood.

THE OCTANGLE, by Emanie N. Sachs (*Cape & Smith*). Ferreting out the psychological motive for a murder. Cleverly told.

THE INHERITOR, by E. F. Benson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Easy-to-read novel about a family curse and all that sort of thing.

IMPERIAL PALACE, by Arnold Bennett (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a large hotel, with its dramas and romances. Not a great novel, but swell reading nevertheless.

TOGETHER AGAIN, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Cape & Smith*). A sex tragedy, presented in the modern manner. Not as good as "Mothers Cry," but still compelling.

A SHORT HISTORY OF JULIA, by Isa Glenn (*Knopf*). Study of a Southern girl who must live down her traditions. Suave and charming writing.

BRIDAL POND, by Zona Gale (*Knopf*). Short stories of simple, small-town people.

THE FAR-AWAY BRIDE, by Stella Benson (*Harper*). A great story of an exiled Russian family in Manchuria.

THE WATER GIPSIES, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Doran*). Imaginative and humorous story of the romantic life of a London housemaid. You'll not want to miss it.

A WOMAN WITH WHITE EYES, by Mary Borden (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which a world-weary lady recites the story of her disillusioned life.

IN OUR TIME, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). A reprint of early sketches in the style that made the author famous.

CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL, by Colette and Willy (*A. & C. Boni*). Naughty, wise, and witty chronicle of the doings in a French provincial school.

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS, by Gunnar Gunnarsson (*Macmillan*). Icelandic tragedy written with striking imaginative power.

SUCCESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger (*Viking*). A long, ponderous, but tremendously engrossing drama of modern Munich.

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, by Grace Zaring Stone (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Excellent novel of an Occidental caught in the whirl of an Oriental revolution.

CERTAIN PEOPLE, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). Excellent collection of short stories by a lady who knows her stuff.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay (*Liveright*). The gayest of the new novels. Please read it.

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). George Sherston, the English fox-hunting gentleman, goes to war.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). More about the Sangers: this time Caryll and Sebastian are the chief actors in a fascinating story.

CAKES AND ALE: OR THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). The wickedest and most amusing of current novels. In which literary idols are shaken out of their niches.

MYSTERIES

ABOUT THE MURDER OF GERALDINE FOSTER, by Anthony Abbot (*Covici-Friede*). . . . MURDER BY LATITUDE, by Rufus King (*Crime Club*). . . . THE THIRD BAFFLE BOOK, by Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay (*Crime Club*). . . . SUSPECT, by Gerard Fairlie (*Crime Club*). . . . THE SILVER KEY, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . PERSONS UNKNOWN, by Philip MacDonald (*Crime Club*). . . . CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S MYSTERY BOOK (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

GENERAL

N BY E, by Rockwell Kent (*Brewer & Warren*). An artist finds adventure in Greenland.

INVITATION TO RENAISSANCE ITALY, by Rachel Annand Taylor (*Harper*). The Golden Age of Italy, told in glamorous prose.

LITTLE AMERICA, by Richard Evelyn Byrd (*Putnam*). The complete record of the South Pole expedition, with pictures and a map to guide you on your way.

ANDRÉE, by George Palmer Putnam (*Brewer & Warren*). A summing-up of the story of the tragic polar flight.

ATGET, PHOTOGRAPHE DE PARIS (*E. Weyhe*). Photographs of Paris, by a man who caught the very essence of the city's life.

MODERN AMERICAN PAINTERS, by Samuel Kootz (*Brewer & Warren*). Comprehensive selections from the work of Blume, Marin, Kuniyoshi, and others, all excellently reproduced.

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THE LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS (*Houghton Mifflin*). Civil War politics seen by a disillusioned eye. Excellent for one who studies that period.

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THE AMERICAN LEVIATHAN, by Charles A. Beard and William Beard (*Macmillan*). Analysis of the processes of modern government.

FIVE MASTERS, by Joseph Wood Krutch (*Cape & Smith*). Interesting critical studies of five great prose writers.

CROSS ROADS IN IRELAND, by Padraic Colum (*Macmillan*). The poet's rambles, with all he saw and thought about on the way. Pleasantly told.

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TWENTY-ONE AMERICANS, by Niven Busch, Jr. (*Doubleday, Doran*). A collection of "Profiles" originally printed in THE NEW YORKER.

MEMORIES AND VAGARIES, by Axel Munthe (*Dutton*). Reprinting of some early sketches by Dr. Munthe, first published in 1898. Worth reading.

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•

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Again
With loving hands we twine
The mistletoe and holly,
Most eulogized of all the leaves
Involved in human folly;
Unless it be the cherished two
That point a sterner moral
Anent the frailty of man—
The figleaf and the laurel.

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